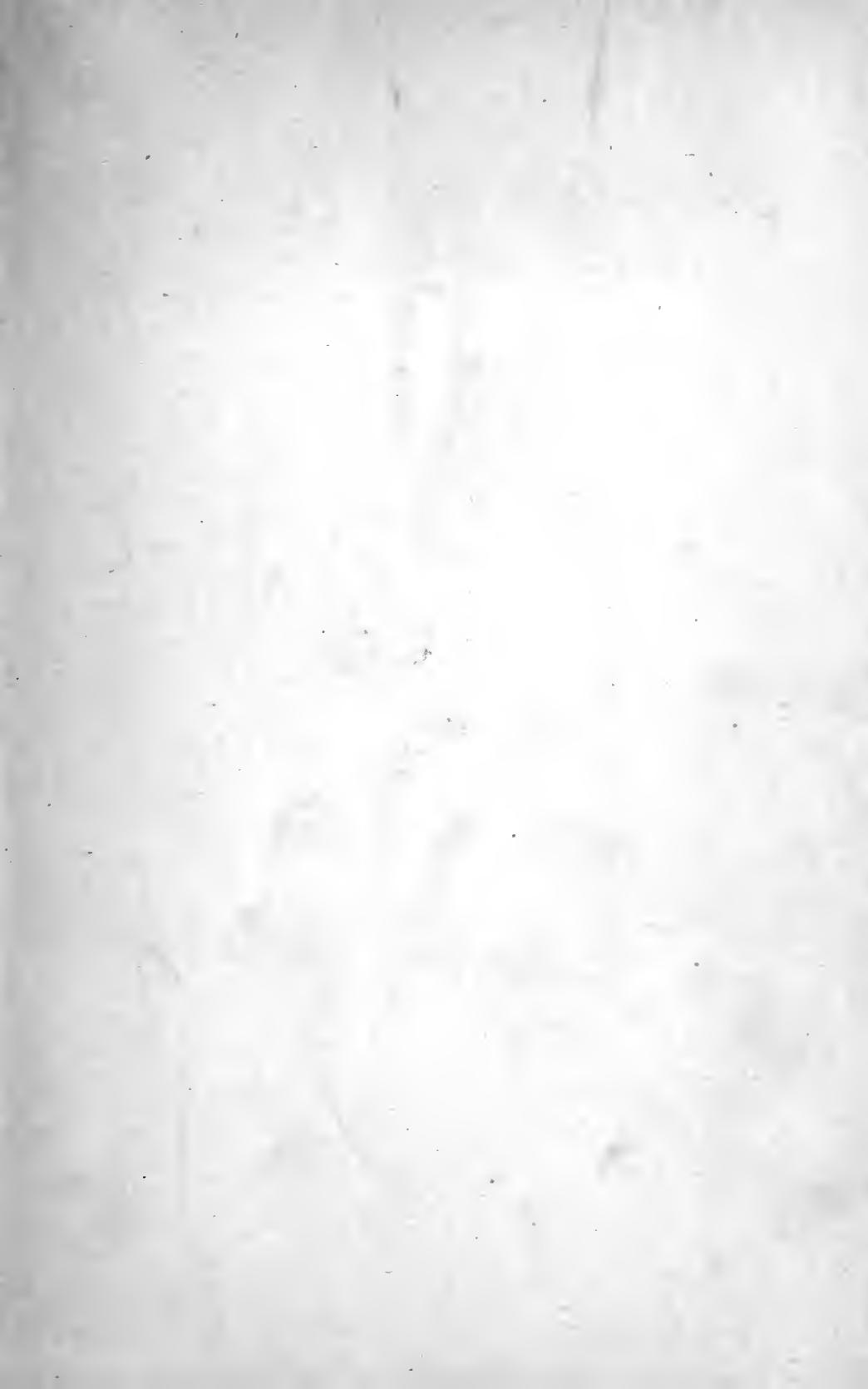


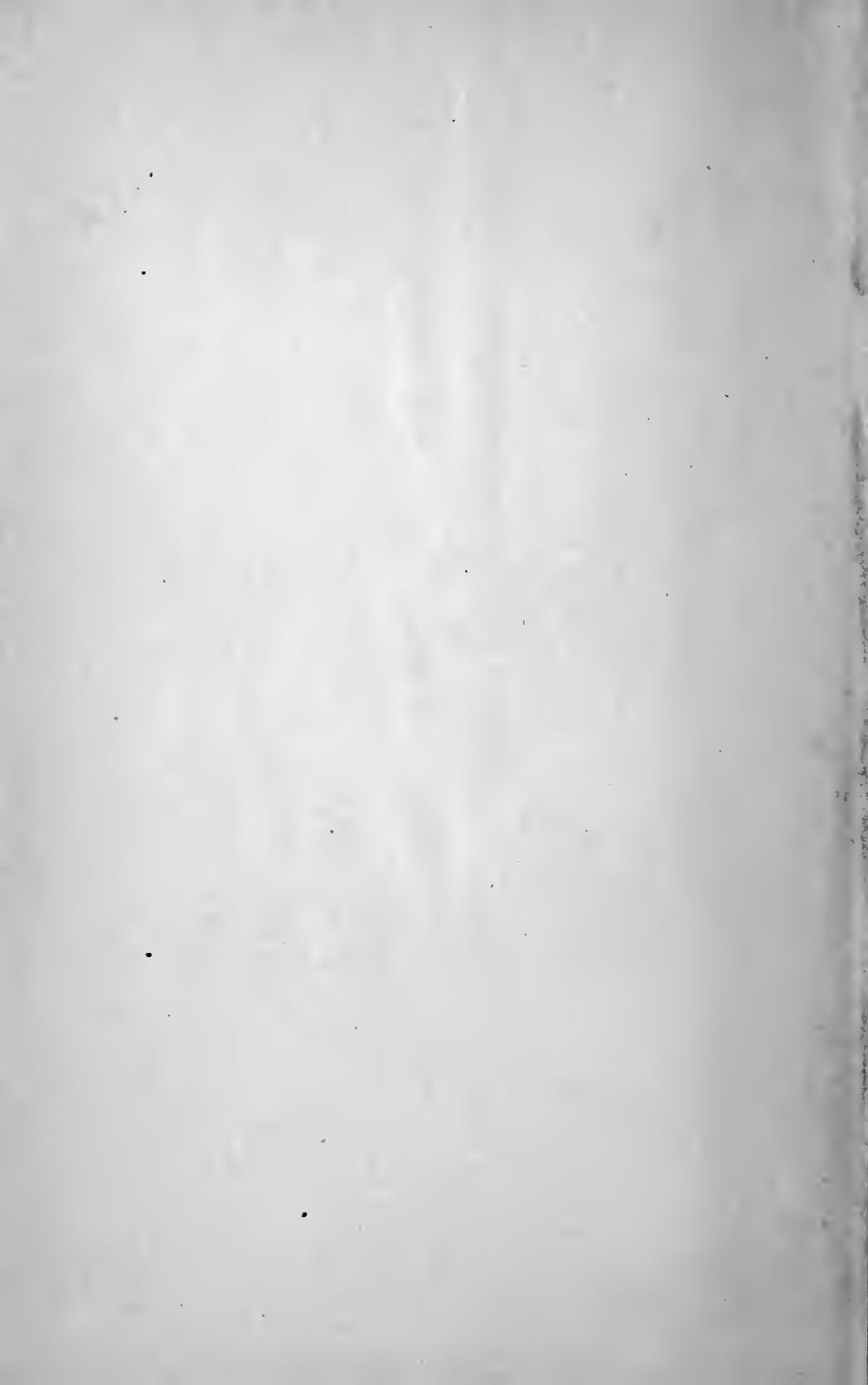




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# STORIES *of* HELLAS







PARthenon—ATHENS

# STORIES *of* HELLAS

*By*

CORINNE SPICKELMIRE



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**STORIES *of* HELLAS**



## INTRODUCTION

### GREECE

GREECE is a sunny kingdom of Southern Europe that extends into the blue waves and the white caps of the Ionian and Aegean seas. Rocky walls, streams, and bays wrinkle the peninsula into picturesque valleys, the glories and beauties of which sparkle and change with the glowing tints of the sky.

Greece is not a great nation to-day but is splendid with the classic ruins of what she once was and we love her for her ancient splendor. In the springtime of civilization Greece was called Hellas and it was Hellas that first gave to the world a rich legacy of freedom, art, philosophy and literature.

## STORIES OF HELLAS

This book of stories will open the gates to lovely flower-jeweled Hellas, a realm of poesy, legend and history and of marbled works of beauty. Come, children, let us enter therein and sojourn awhile in Hellas while her pagan poets sing us their songs of gods and goddesses who dwelt in star-palaces and rode betwixt heaven and earth in clouds or in dazzling chariots. What glad golden days we shall have wandering through shadowy grottoes or dancing with nymphs to the pipes o' Pan as he fares over the windy headlands!

# THE TRIBAL AGE



## **A LAND WITHOUT A PEOPLE OR A NAME**

LONG ago when the earth was young, about twenty centuries before the blessed Christ Child came into this world of ours, the sunny little land we now call Greece had no people living on it. And it had no name in all the world. How strange—a land without a people or a name!

The sea-waters, blue as violets, laughed and rippled about its shores. But there were no red-cheeked, bright-eyed children tumbling on its sands, no merry barefoot children wading in its shallow pools. There were no ships sailing on its waters, nor were there any cities by the sea. Snow-capped mountains and rugged hills stood like grim, silent sentinels,

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while lions and wild boars roared and roamed through forests of laurel, palm and cypress. Birds sang and flitted among the trees. Flowers bloomed and tall grasses waved in the breezes. The sun shone and the brilliant blue sky was over it all.

But man was not there to see or to hear. How wild and lonely it must have been!

### A PEOPLE AND A NAME

ONE day men, women and children came into this sunny land. And a wild, strange race they were. There were deep-throated, deep-chested warriors armed with pikes, and bows and arrows and clad in skins of wild beasts. They were strong and knew no fear. There were herdsmen too, who came driving their flocks of sheep, goats, swine and cattle, and the sweet wild notes of their rude pipes awoke

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strange echoes among the hills. Tanned brawny women jolted along in clumsy two-wheeled ox-carts with their cooing babes and prattling children by their sides.

How glad and happy those people were when they saw this smiling land stretching out before them and bidding them welcome! How glad the streams and birds and flowers were to hear the play and prattle of little children! The snow-capped mountains and rugged hills rejoiced to hear the tramp of men and warriors, while at the very sight of bows and arrows, lions and wild boars slunk deeper into the forests.

Those wild strange people were Pelasgians. They belonged to the great Aryan race, and had come from the plains and mountains beyond the Caspian Sea. Some poets and scholars say they named their new-found land Pelasgia.

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The Pelasgians had come into the land from the north, and as the years went by they separated into tribes, each governed by a chief, and slowly made their way east, west, and south until they overspread the entire lovely country, finding plenty of work to do as they went over the land. They were busy building queer villages that were mere groups of little round huts, made of clay and brush with reed or grass roofs. Around the villages they put high rough walls to protect themselves from any fierce, wandering tribes who might happen to come their way.

With sharp sticks for plows, they made their simple gardens in the narrow valleys and raised wheat, barley, flax, onions, peas and beans. The herdsmen tended their flocks and herds on the mountain sides and in the narrow valleys. At sunset they drove them up the steep slopes and within the walled towns to

## STORIES OF HELLAS

save them from prowling beasts and robbers. You see, the flesh and milk of those herds were the chief food and wealth of the Pelasgians.

Those simple folk knew nothing of our God. They thought the golden sunlight was a god, and they worshipped everything in nature. But they gave no name to any god, and built no temples or no images. The snow-capped mountains were their altars and the sunlit forests were their temples.

## THE COMING OF THE HELLENES

THE Pelasgians were not to hold their lovely land in peace. There came a time when they were glad they had walled towns, when their warriors used pikes and bows and arrows.

One day whole tribes of people called Hellenes, came into Pelasgia from the north. They, too, belonged to the great Aryan race,

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and their ancestors had lived among the plains and mountains of Asia. But those Hellenes had long lived in Europe.

Over the mountains they came, down through the fair Vale of Tempe, making war upon the Pelasgians. How brave and strong and fearless they must have been!

We can easily fancy that the Pelasgians fought hard and long for their homes and their lands. Hills and vales echoed with the din and noise of battle. Slowly but surely the strong new tribes conquered the Pelasgians, and took their walled towns and their lands. Then the Pelasgians made friends with the conquering Hellenes, united with them and formed one people—the Hellenes or old Greeks so noted in song, legend and history. They named the country Hellas, a name it kept for centuries and centuries. In our stories we shall call it both Hellas and Greece

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and the people both Hellenes and Greeks.

Glad and happy years now followed in Hellas. The fierce warfare between the Hellenes and Pelasgians was over, and all were busy and helpful. Hills and vales once more echoed with the sweet notes of shepherd's pipes and the shouts and play of children. The husbandmen planted their rude gardens of grain and vegetables while the women and maidens laughed and chattered in their queer way as they fashioned their rough garments or cooked and served their coarse, plain food.

Like great untaught children, these early people were full of the mere joy of living, and wondered at all the glad sights and sounds round about them. They loved the bees and the birds, and the woods, streams, flowers, and blue sky. They thought spirits must dwell in such lovely things and in the sun, moon, stars and mountains. And those simple Hellenes,

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like the Pelasgians, worshipped all things in nature and offered their prayers and their sacrifices out in the sunlit forests and upon the snow-capped mountains.

How wild, primitive and barbarous were all life and thought in that gay, gladsome land! But that selfsame Hellas was destined to be the birthplace of a freedom and culture that have been the wonder of ages.

### THE TRIBAL AGE

FOR centuries the Hellenes, like the Pelasgians, lived in tribes each governed by a chief, and they owned no lands, but moved about and settled where they willed. Historians call those centuries of tribes and chiefs, beginning with the Pelasgians, the Tribal Age of Greece. Primitive and barbarous though it was, life in those old days was charming and idyllic—like

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woodland music or some rude, sweet pastoral poem.

Often picturesque hordes of those old Greeks or Hellenes, together with their flocks and herds, roamed through the forests of laurel, palm and cypress and trailed over rugged mountains. They were seeking rich pasture lands, near some steep crag or hill on which to build their fort.

What jolly, carefree days those were! The flocks and herds cropped grass and flowers by the way. They drank from silver mountain streams and rested in the cooling shade of trees. The hardy Greeks ate nuts and fruits plucked from the forests, and drank from those same silver streams. At night they flung themselves upon the ground to sleep and dream beneath the stars. Their women and children took refuge from the night in some leafy covert of the woods. Who knows? Perhaps

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they slept in some lovely, ancient grotto of the nymphs. Those mothers crooned soft lullabies to tired ears, just as dear mothers have done through all the ages. What joy it was to sleep in moonlit groves a-lilt with songs of nightingales! And then to waken in the dewy, rosy morning, among the trees and birds!

But we must not think that all the Tribal days were jolly and carefree, glad and happy. Often hills and vales echoed with the groans and cries of kinsman fighting kinsman, and the sweet notes of shepherds' pipes and the shouts and play of children were hushed in the awful tumult.

Right well did those old Hellenes know that their pasture lands must have hill-forts and walled towns to protect them from wandering hostile tribes.

Many a hill-fort thus selected by the wandering Hellenes became an Acropolis of the

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historic days, and the walled town they built about it grew to be a famous city. All unwittingly those old Greeks were laying the foundations for that glorious civilization which was destined for Hellas.

### **HOW LOVELY HELLAS HELPED**

LOVELY Hellas was fashioned and fitted by nature for freedom and culture, poetry and song.

Close-pressed to a grim wall of mountains, Hellas hung like a magnificent citadel out in the seas, a glorious guardian of liberty. For did not her huge sea moats and rugged mountain walls keep back hordes of foreign invaders?

The sea waters had laughed and pushed themselves into the land until all parts of Hellas were close to the sea; those bays and inlets,

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together with flashing streams and rugged mountains, had dimpled all Hellas with water-girt, mountain-walled valleys that were miniature kingdoms of grasses, birds, flowers and sunshine.

The picturesque bands of wandering Hellenes invaded those kingdoms, built their hill-forts and walled towns, took the grasses for pasturelands, made friends with the birds and the flowers, and worshipped the sunshine. What gay, brilliant invasions and victories! Not a war paen, but the song of bird and the perfume of flowers! But those happy, bloodless invasions made for freedom and culture, poetry and song.

'All the world to the westward was unknown and barbarous. The glowing young day begins in the east with the sunrise and carries its glories and charms to the westward, and in the rosy dawn of creation, civilization and

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culture began in the east and followed the golden path of the sun.

Lovely flower-jeweled Hellas faced the east —faced the glorious sunrise, civilization and culture.

Only the beautiful Aegean Sea, with its countless enchanting harbors and delightsome islands, rolled between ancient Hellas and pagan Oriental culture and splendor. The breezes of morning were ever impatient to waft fair-sailing vessels from Hellas over the Aegean Sea toward the sunrise and splendor. The winds of evening were joyous and eager lightly to blow them back home.

What a heritage was Hellas! A glorious guardian of liberty, she offered the Hellenes miniature kingdoms, all teeming with natural wealth, to be strongholds of freedom and culture.

Her countless enchanting harbors and de-

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lightsome islands, and the broad expanse of blue sea were like beautiful sirens wooing the Hellenes to a life on the waves, to trade, travel, colonization, glory and power.

And the mingled beauty of mountain and sea, the soft splendor of brilliant blue skies, and the rosy clearness of a radiant atmosphere were like the Muses of Mount Helicon, inspiring the people to poetry and song.

THE WANDERING BARDS OR  
POETS AND SOME OF THE  
SONGS THEY SANG



## THE WANDERING BARDS OR POETS

THE stately centuries rolled on, leaving Hellas all aglow with the roseate dawn of civilization.

In the dim far away years the wandering Hellenes felt the spell of sea-moat and grim mountain walls. Their hill-forts and walled towns grew to be city-states, and their miniature water-girt, mountain-walled valleys were strongholds of sceptered kings, nobles and warriors. The enchanting harbors, laughing waves, and fair morning breezes wafted them far out to sea. There the rude Hellenes sensed the charm of the east, and the glories of civilization. Soon that broad expanse of blue sea was a road for trade, travel, culture, and

## STORIES OF HELLAS

wealth, and beautiful cities of Hellas were blossoming in Asia Minor and on the islands.

The potent poetic spell of the land had awakened the poets, and lovely Hellas was thrilling and glowing with their songs and with the joys and labor of civilization. The tribal days of Hellas were over.

The poets were singing how from the first beginning gods and earth were born; and the great deep, and the stars, and the blue heavens above; how from those gods sprang other gods, givers of all great and good gifts.

They were singing of great Zeus, the father of gods and of men, and of gods and goddesses who dwelt in palaces far upon Mount Olympus.

And there were love songs of gods and goddesses, who dwelt low on earth, of those who dwelt deep down in the sea, and of grim Hades under the earth.

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They were singing strange tales of the wickedness of men, and of a raging flood, sent by great Zeus in his anger. How that flood had destroyed all the people of earth but Pyrrha and Deucalion, who, at the will of Zeus, cast stones on the ground from which sprang forth the Hellenes.

The poets were wandering bards or minstrels, who went over land and sea, singing or reciting their poems to the notes of sweet-toned lyres, and they were welcomed in camp, hut and palace.

Twanging their harps, they sang the deeds of gods, heroes, and men, of wonderful wars, and the founding of cities. They sang of fierce-snorting, fire-breathing dragons, and many-headed, flesh-eating serpents and monsters, slain by mighty heroes—the children of gods and of men.

There were glad songs of the woods and of

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the mountains, of laughing nymphs and reeling satyrs sporting in woodlands, and two-horned Pan faring over the headlands.

But best of all the wandering bards loved to sing the deeds of gods and heroes.

## THE CREATION OF THE EARTH

THE poets said that once there was no smiling earth, with its laughter, song and play, its happy babes and children. There was no life-giving air with its fierce winds and gentle breezes; no deep blue sky and fleecy clouds; neither was there any sea with foaming waves and billows. All those, and more, were jumbled into one mighty mass called Chaos. And Chaos was full of countless beginnings, but all were ugly and discordant.

At last some strange, kind, wonderful god, full of life and love, put an end to Chaos.

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Then all things were fair and splendid. Grass-covered and flower-crannied, the earth smiled in the golden sunlight, and the deep blue sky with fleecy clouds arched overhead. In the same golden sunlight rolled the sea with its foaming waves and billows, and the rivers and lakes, the woodland streams and the fountains flashed and sparkled like jeweled ribands. Hills and vales were in the land, and glorious snow-capped mountains; giant trees waved their branches to the breezes that were perfumed with the breath of a thousand flowers.

Then lovely Night was born and trailed over the land. Stars gemmed the sky and the moon flung down her silver light. Sleep touched hill and vale and flower, while dreams hung tremulous in the air.

Love, in a brooding, perfumed silence, was over it all. Each golden morrow brought back the blessed sunlight, and earth was ready for gods and for men.

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### THE BATTLE BETWEEN ZEUS AND TYPHUS

WHEN Zeus and the gods had cast forth the Titans from Olympus, earth and Tartarus brought forth Typhus, a monster, whose feet were as untiring as those of the gods, and whose hands were strong enough to do their deeds of strength. From his shoulders arose a hundred snaky dragon heads with blackening tongues. In each terrible head crackling fires shone and sparkled from the eyes that rolled about in their sockets.

In those fearful heads were voices that uttered all sounds of earth—soft tones meet for the gods, the song of the nightingale, the cry of the wounded stag, the roar of the lion, the yell of the whelp, the howl of the wolf, the loud bellowing cry of the bull, and the hissing of serpents. That horrible quivering creature aspired to be ruler over gods and men.

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Great Zeus saw the peril and danger and instantly thundered till earth and high heaven reeled with the crash. He uprose in his wrath and all Mount Olympus shook beneath his everlasting feet. The monster darted flames and blasts of fiery winds, while Zeus hurled thunderbolts and lightnings. The burning radiance diffused over the earth, the billows heaved and foamed round the shores, and all was wildest confusion. Even the Titans, down in murky Tartarus, shuddered with fear when they heard the rage of tumult and the din of battle.

In the fullness of his might great Zeus gathered and grasped all the thunders and lightnings and at a bound he leaped from Olympus and smote the screaming Typhus. The fifty heads hissed and scorched in one blaze of fire and thundering Zeus had quelled him. Thunder-smitten and mangled, he fell among

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the dark, rugged mountain-hollows. Earth groaned beneath his weight and the heat and the vapors that arose from his body spread over the land melting rocks and drying up rivers. In bitterness of heart Zeus hurled his body from earth down the wide abyss of Hades, and it rolled with a sickening thud into gloomy Tartarus, forever.

The toils of the gods were over. Great Zeus took his place high on Olympus as the father and ruler of gods and of men and divided all honors wisely and fairly among the gods. He made Poseidon, his brother, ruler over the sea and the waters, and to grim Hades he gave the dread mansions of the underworld, and he gave him misty Tartarus, where were imprisoned the fallen Titans and Typhoes.

Then were born the blue-eyed Athene, Justice, Order and Peace, the Hours and the Graces, Persephone, the daughter of Demeter,

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and the nine Muses, who danced on Mount Helicon. Zeus made white-armed Hera his bride and to them were born blooming Hebe and grim-visaged Mars. Other gods and goddesses were born and to each one, mighty Zeus apportioned some beautiful work and honor. All was peace and joy on Olympus.

## THE COMING OF THE IMMORTALS

FROM out that brooding, perfumed silence Heaven and Earth brought forth a race of god-like creatures, the Titans, strong, stern and mighty. Of those Titans, the wily Kronus was the youngest and the sternest of Earth's sons.

Thousands of graceful nymphs, children of the Titans, played among the gladed hills of earth and splashed in woodland streams and fountains. Nereus, the Old Man of the Sea,

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builded his coral palace deep down in the ocean, while his fifty fair daughters, among whom was silver-footed Thetis, ravished the halls with their music.

Earth brought forth three Cyclops, giants haughty in spirit and resembling gods, save that a single eye was fixed in the middle of their foreheads. The Cyclops had three brothers, fierce and dreadful, who each had fifty heads, and a hundred arms growing from his body. Heaven would not permit the terrible creatures to live upon the earth, but cast them down in gloomy Tartarus and bound them fast with cords of iron.

Monsters and dragons of the land and the deep were born, and also the three Grey Sisters, who had but one eye and one tooth among them and nodded on a white log of drift-ice beneath the cold winter moon. Then were born the Gorgons, who lived on the further-

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most verge of the earth, beyond where the sweet maids of the Evening Star danced round the sacred tree and plucked the bloomy golden apples of Hesperides, that were guarded by a hundred-headed dragon.

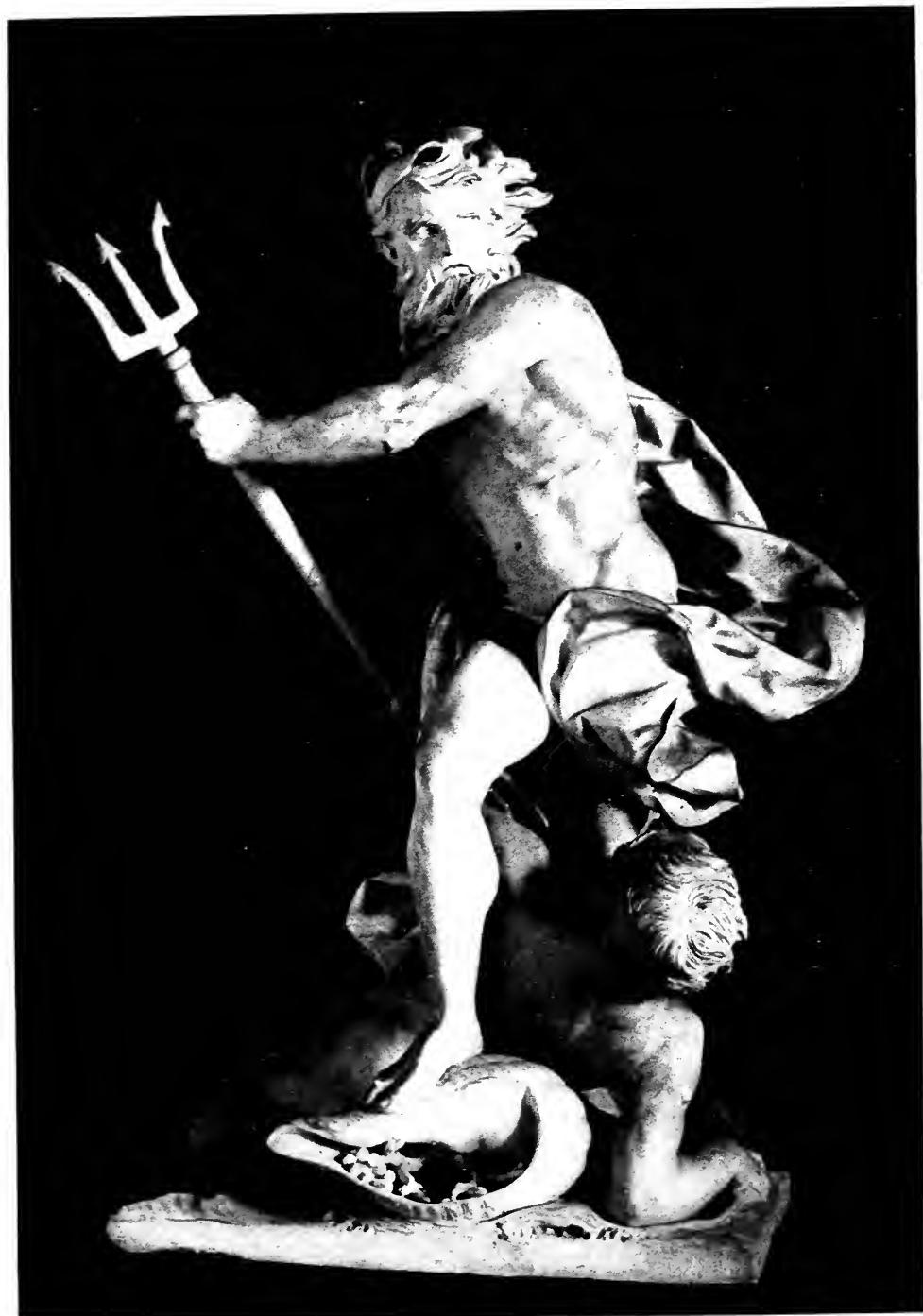
The Titans were the gods of the earth. Wily Kronus builded him a throne high on Mount Olympus and wedded Rhea, a fair-haired Titan. To them were born the glorious race of the gods, the givers of all great and good gifts. Hestia, Demeter, and Hera, the golden-sandaled; grim Hades, and Poseidon, the great earth-shaker, were born. But huge Kronus devoured each baby god, fearful lest one of them more splendid than he should grow up and usurp his throne and his crown, for the tidings had once reached his ear that it had been ordained by fate that to his own son he should bow down his strength.

When Zeus, the sire of gods and of men, was

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born, fair-haired Rhea begged Heaven and Earth to save the dear little god from the fury of Kronus. Earth took to herself the mighty babe and hid it away in the shadowy, flowery caves of Mount Ida. She gave to the imperial Kronus a heavy stone wrapped in swaddling clothes, which he greedily snatched and swallowed, little dreaming that the child lived, and would soon cast him forth from Olympus and himself rule the Immortals.

Far away in Mount Ida, Zeus, attended by Earth and the nymphs, grew up in great majesty and beauty. One day in the full glow of godhood, he left the fragrant haunts of his childhood and appeared on Mount Olympus. Charmed and overawed by his presence, Kronus knew Zeus for his son, and he belched forth the stone, and the gods and goddesses whom he had devoured. Hestia, Demeter, Hera the golden-sandaled, grim Hades, and



NEPTUNE



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Poseidon, the earth-shaker, were full-grown and shining, but Zeus towered above all, as towers the oak above the rose-tree. Kronus knew that the time was near when that majestic company would rule over heaven and earth, and he would be cast forth from Olympus.

### THE WAR BETWEEN THE GODS AND THE TITANS

FROM the beginning, it was decreed that Zeus should be father of gods and men, and that the gods should win glories and great victories over the Titans.

Zeus sung forth a song of battle, and the gods flung back the refrain. They met in their awful splendor on the highest peaks of Olympus, and pledged themselves to wage fierce war against the Titans, a war for conquest and celestial empire.

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On the Othrys, a lordly chain of mountains to the southward, Kronus flung forth a brazen war cry and gathered the Titans about him, all chafing and eager to wage deadly conflict with Zeus and the gods. Prometheus and Epimetheus, brothers and Titans, espoused the cause of great Zeus, and took their stand on Mount Olympus.

Thus opposed each to each, the Titans warred from Othry's loftiest summits and the gods from the snowy peaks of Olympus. Long they fought with a toil that was soul-distressing. For ten years and more the furious battle went on without ceasing and neither host won or lost in the conflict.

But now Zeus unloosed the Cyclops and the hundred-armed giants whom Heaven had fast-locked deep down in gloomy Tartarus. Those giants yelled with delight when released from their bitter bondage, and arose from the depths

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of darkness, up through the blessed sunlight, to the highest peaks of Olympus, raging against the Titans. The Cyclops bore with them the thunderbolts and the lightnings which they gave to Zeus to be his weapons of warfare.

Zeus set before the giants and gods the nectar and ambrosia. When all had shared the heavenly food a noble, heroic feeling kindled in each breast, and every god and giant burned with an ardor to destroy the Titans. The monsters whom Zeus had released from Tartarus were of enormous force. From their many shoulders fifty heads and a hundred arms sprang forth and with the Cyclops, they pulled up crags and mountains and hurled them aloft.

On the other side, the Titans closed their phalanx, joined their hands of strength and prowess and displayed new works of war.

Zeus no longer kept back his anger, but was

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in truth a very god and went forth from Mount Olympus in fearful majesty, hurling thunderbolts and flashing burning, radiant lightning. The whirling flash cast splendor, forests crackled and the seas were boiling. Heat and vapor arose, winds were blowing, war cries ascending and thunderbolts, mountains and crags were hurling through the air. It seemed that earth and heaven were meeting in one crashing din.

Full long the Titans stood and bore the brunt of war. The thunderbolts and lightning deprived them of their eyes. The hands of the hundred-armed giants hurled each three times a hundred rocks against them. Their hands of strength bore the Titans down to Tartarus and bound them with galling chains. Poseidon forged a wall of brass about them and a night of triple darkness. And there the giants who had each a hundred arms and fifty

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hands growing from their bodies were set as faithful sentinels of Zeus. Atlas, a Titan rebel, was banished to the western rim of the earth and doomed to hold the skies forever on his shoulders.

### THE STORY OF PROMETHEUS

PEACE and love brooded over the earth and the sea that lay like great golden dreams, awaiting the coming of man.

Prometheus and Epimetheus, the Titans, who had espoused the cause of the gods, left the shining courts of Olympus and sped earthward in the glow and glory of the sunshine. To them had been given the divine task of creating man and all animals of the earth and the waters.

Soon myriads of fishes swam in the seas, birds poured forth their songs, and bees, in-

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sects, beetles, reptiles and worms, and animals of every size and condition were upon the earth—all created by Epimetheus. To each he gave some special gift, as song, wings, fins, talons, feathers, shelly coverings, cunning courage, strength and swiftness.

Prometheus took earth and water and fashioned the first man of earth in the image of the gods. Epimetheus had made all the animals to look toward the earth, but Prometheus made man upright of stature that he might gaze on the stars. He gave him all the good gifts of earth and still longed for some greater and more wonderful gift whereby man might grow more godlike and win dominion over the land and the sea. He knew that fire was the greatest thing in heaven and earth and that it was sacred to the immortal gods. So well did he love mankind that he resolved to brave the eternal wrath of great Zeus and secure some of

## STORIES OF HELLAS

the treasure. With the help of Athene, Prometheus ascended to the very gates of the sun, snatched a firebrand and, hiding it in his bosom, floated to earth. Man now had in his possession the gift whereby he might win dominion over the land and the sea, build cities, and develop commerce, science and art.

Then followed the Golden Age of Earth, when all things were gay, joyous and happy. Men and animals were innocent and harmless and lived together like brothers. Flowers, fruits and harvests grew in riotous abundance, the streams flowed with milk and wine, and honey distilled itself from the trees. There were no quarrels, sickness, sin, labor, sorrow or death and life was an eternal spring-time.

The ever-watchful eye of the great Zeus saw the radiant light down on earth and knew it was the sacred fire. Maddened with fury he

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dashed down to earth and carried it back to Olympus, vowing revenge on Prometheus.

Zeus sent the seasons, the days were made shorter, fierce winds swept over the headlands, and harvests no longer grew without being planted. Men and animals were forced to seek refuge from the heat and cold in the caves, grottos and leafy woodland coverts.

Prometheus again went to the gates of the sun and stole sacred fire which he carried to earth in a fennel-stalk, and soon thousands of fires were kindled. Prometheus taught men to build rude huts, fashion the plow, harness the steeds to the moving car, and to bend the neck of the ox to the yoke.

The altars of earth were neglected and gods and men were contending over the rights of the sacrifice. Eager to procure every good thing for man, Prometheus divided a huge ox, intended for the sacrifice, and placed all the



PROMETHEUS BOUND



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flesh and rich fat in the skin, and the bones he cunningly put in a bundle of gleaming white fat. Then wily Prometheus laughed low to himself and said to great Zeus: "Most glorious Zeus, greatest of ever-living gods, choose which of these you would have men burn on the altars!" Zeus, with both hands, lifted up the white fat. And oh, how angry he was when he saw the bones arranged with such art! Henceforth the tribes of men burnt the bones wrapped in fat on their fragrant altars and feasted themselves on the flesh of the animal.

Prometheus had cheated Zeus and the gods in the sacrifice, and for the second time had stolen the fire from heaven. The great Thunderer saw the fires among men and remembered the burnt offerings of bones. He vowed that he would wreak evil on Prometheus and men. He seized Prometheus and bore him away to the highest peak of the Caucasian

## STORIES OF HELLAS

Mountains, where he bound him down with painful chains and bade him lie on the rocks for a thousand years. Zeus sent a hungry eagle each day to feed upon his liver, and at night while the bird slept the liver of Prometheus grew whole again ready for the next day's feasting. So well did the great-hearted Prometheus love mankind that, for ages, he bore the agony of the rock, the bird, and the chains, and while men were praising and honoring him on earth he was enduring all the pain and the misery that mortals have known.

## PANDORA

CHAINING Prometheus to a rock for a thousand years and sending an eagle each day to feed on his liver was a fierce, terrible punishment for a god to inflict. But it did not

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appease the wrath of Zeus. He was still furiously angry with man for accepting the fire from Prometheus. In his anger, Zeus decided to create countless evils and send them to earth by a beautiful woman.

Hephæstus, the god who was lame in both feet, fashioned a lovely maiden. Athene clad her in silver-white raiment and set a golden coronet around her beauteous head, with garlands of sweet-budding meadow flowers. She hung about her a veil that enveloped her in fleecy, billowy folds like shimmering mist. Zeus led the fair lady into the presence of the gods, and all were charmed with her loveliness. They named her Pandora, and each god and goddess gave her some exquisite gift of grace, charm or beauty, until Pandora, who was to be the first woman of earth, was indeed a ravishment of wonder. Hermes, the charming young scamp of a god, gave her the fatal

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gift of curiosity, and that gift was destined to work unutterable woe upon earth.

Zeus had fashioned his countless evils and imprisoned them in a box made of ivory and gold, fast-clasped with jeweled seals. The god placed the gift in her hands, bidding her never to open it, knowing full well that the gift of curiosity given her by Hermes would cause her to peep into the box.

Hermes took Pandora and sped away to earth. He gave her to Epimetheus for his bride. Men wondered at her grace and her beauty, and land and sea burst into flowery splendor at her coming.

Pandora was delighted with earth, but she wandered over its fragrant ways, thinking only of the box made of gold and ivory. Ah, the fatal gift of curiosity, given her by Hermes! That box was filled with woes and evils which had never before been known upon earth.

## STORIES OF HELLAS

Pandora broke the jeweled clasps and opened the box, when out rushed the myriads of ugly creatures—pain, trouble, sickness, lies, worry, pestilence, wars, sorrow and death. They flew over land and sea, stinging Pandora and men as they went.

Screaming with fright and pain, Pandora quickly closed the box. A wee soft voice inside kept piping, "Please let me out, Pandora; I am Hope, and I can take away the sting of all evils." She again opened the box, and out flew a shiny, gauzy creature with glistening wings. She kissed away Pandora's pain, then floated away among men, and she has ever been one of earth's greatest blessings.

## THE FLOOD

ALL things were changed. Men and beasts were no longer friends. The animals skulked through the forests, wild and savage, feeding

## STORIES OF HELLAS

upon man and man feeding upon them. Crime, sickness, sorrow, wars, hatred and death were in the land and the gods and the altars were forgotten.

Great Zeus was so angry at the wickedness of men and women, and at the neglect of their gods and their altars that he determined to send a great flood, which would drown all living creatures, and then re-people the land with a race of god-serving people.

Poseidon emptied the rivers and seas over the earth, and mighty Zeus sent storm-clouds that poured down oceans of water. All the earth except the snowy peaks of Parnassus were deluged with water, and all living things were destroyed, save Pyrrha and Deucalion, who were standing on the top of Parnassus. Deucalion was the son of Prometheus and Pyrrha, the daughter of Epimetheus. They were husband and wife, and had always lived

## STORIES OF HELLAS

pure, devout lives, serving their gods and their altars. Zeus remembered their good deeds, and ordered them to live and re-people the earth. The north winds blew away the storm-clouds and Poseidon bade Triton to blow on his wreathed horn and sound a retreat to the waters.

Once again the earth lay smiling and fair in the sunlight, and Pyrrha and Deucalion were the only living creatures upon it. They went into the Delphian temple, and there before the unkindled altar they fell prostrate, praying their gods to make known unto them what they should do. The oracle said: "Good people, go forth from this temple, casting stones over thy shoulders." Hermes appeared with the stones, and Pyrrha and Deucalion went forth out into the world, casting stones as they went. Soon there were thousands of new people. The stones cast by Deucalion turned into

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brave, hardy men, and those cast by Pyrrha made beautiful women. Cities were built, heroes were born, and temples and gods were again held sacred. The new race of people was called Hellenes, in honor of Hellen, the beloved son of Pyrrha and Deucalion.

### PERSEUS

THE poets twanged their harps and recited the deeds of Perseus, who was born in a great brazen tower, where his mother, the beautiful Danae, had been fast-locked by the wicked king of Argo.

That same wicked king placed the mother and babe in a huge golden chest and set it afloat on the sea, hoping that the winds and the waves would bear them out and away to some horrible death.

But those were the days when the earth was

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young. Then the skies were always blue, the waves always gentle, and no storms ever ruffled the deep. The golden cask danced over the billows, while the sweet babe slept on its mother's breast and the gentle breezes sang drowsy lullabies.

A fisherman cast his nets out to sea and twined in their meshes the huge golden chest. He drew it ashore, and his heart rejoiced and was glad when he saw the pretty young mother and the tiny, blue-eyed, golden-haired Perseus. He made them his own loving children, and for many happy years they lived on that fragrant, water-girt isle of the sea.

Perseus adored his dear mother and loved and obeyed the fisherman. He grew up like a god, wise, good, true, and dauntless in heart and spirit. So beautifully did he play on the lyre, and so skilful was he in rowing, swimming, running, leaping and wrestling, and in

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throwing the javelin and spear, that the people called him the son of great Zeus. The young hero made wonderful cruises over the seas and did many deeds of daring.

The beautiful Danae was made temple-sweeper in a temple of Athene, and gods and men set her son a dangerous task to perform. He was sent to slay Medusa and to carry her head to the blue-eyed Athene, that she might wear it for ever on her bright, polished shield.

Far away in the Unshapen Land beyond River Ocean lived the Medusa with her sisters, the Gorgons. Her sisters were immortal, huger than elephants and fouler than swine. Their bodies were covered with vile, brazen talons and they had flapping wings, a hundred-fold more massive than wings of the eagle. But Medusa was mortal and had once been a blithesome girl, more charming than day, until she boasted that she was fairer than Athene.

## STORIES OF HELLAS

From that hour she was banished to outer darkness and horror, to be a sister to the loathsome Gorgons. She was a maiden no longer, but with talons of brass and wide-sweeping wings, she was clad in gay plumage from which her gleaming throat and face rose like some ruined dream of beauty, while her hair was one mass of hissing vipers. So terrible was the head of Medusa that any living thing that gazed upon it was immediately turned to stone.

And the grim task set young Perseus to do was to cut off that snake-entwined head and bear it over land and sea to Athene. No hero of earth could have done it without the help of the gods. Athene lent her own polished shield as a mirror to reflect the Gorgon, for we know that not even Perseus dared gaze on that head. A goat-skin was attached to the shield wherein to carry the treasure. Hermes fastened his

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golden-winged sandals to the hero's ankles and gave him his magic sword.

Borne by the winged sandals, Perseus flew over land and sea faster than skims the swallow. He passed the western rim of earth, where Atlas held the sky on his shoulders, and on past the white log of drift-ice, where nodded the Three Grey Sisters under the pale, cold moon. He sped through the sun-bright deep of the Hyperboreans and paused a while in the Garden of Hesperides while the fleet maidens went down into Hades and fetched him the hat of darkness which made him invisible.

After countless wanderings, Perseus reached the Unshapen Land, where there is neither night nor day and where everything is topsy-turvy. He heard the rustle of wings and the dreary clanking of brazen talons.

Holding Athene's shield aloft he saw re-



PERSEUS



## STORIES OF HELLAS

flected the Gorgons, as they lay sleeping. Like some enchanting horror, Medusa was tossing and moaning, her cheeks pale and her eyes and mouth drawn and clenched with everlasting pain and sorrow. Every snake on her head was alive, hissing and writhing, with bright, beady eyes and forked tongues of poison. Gazing into the shield, Perseus reached for the sword of Hermes, and with one fell stroke cut off the head of Medusa, wrapped it in the goat skin, and turned about homeward. Medusa's talons and wings rattled when she fell dead on the rocks and awakened her sleeping sisters. Howling and yelling with rage, they rushed after Perseus, their wings beating the air and their hot breath forming clouds of scorching vapor. But the sandals of Hermes were swifter than Gorgon wings, and soon they were left behind like specks on a distant sky.

## STORIES OF HELLAS

Perseus went over mountain, plain, and sea. As he passed over the deserts of earth, blood-drops fell from the head that bred deadly asps and serpents. A few drops fell into the sea and forthwith Pegasus, a famous winged horse, appeared. Athene caught and tamed the winged steed and gave it to the Muses who dwelt on Mount Helicon.

Once in the early dawn as he flew over the sea he saw a maiden chained to some rocks down at the water's edge. It was Andromeda, the princess of the kingdom. She had been put there as an offering to appease the wrath of a sea-god. Even then the grinning monster was lashing the waves with his tail as he shot forward to devour his delicate victim. Quicker than thought, Perseus, made invisible by his hat of darkness, darted down like a shooting star and flashed the head of Medusa before the eyes of the beast. Instead of a sea-

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god there was a long black rock with the water gurgling over it. Removing his hat of darkness, Perseus made himself known to the princess and with the magic sword he clove asunder the chains that held her, then he wedded Andromeda in the royal palace of her kingdom.

Taking her in his arms, he floated away toward home, stopping many times on the way to redress wrongs by unveiling the Gorgon's head and turning cruel men and kings and beasts into stone. Perseus was made king of Argo and Andromeda was his young queen.

Athene ever afterward wore the head of the Medusa on her bright, polished shield, and when Perseus and Andromeda died, the goddess carried them up to the skies, where they shone as beacon stars through the night, but during the day they feasted with the gods on Olympus.

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### THE ADVENTURES OF THESEUS

THE poets told wonderful tales of Minos, king of Crete, who was the wisest of all mortal kings. His ships were as countless as the sea-gulls, and his palace was like some marbled hill. They sang of his throne of beaten gold, of the speaking statues that adorned his halls, and of the great dancing-room of Ariadne, his daughter. They told of the Minotaur, a horrible monster with a body of a man, the head of a bull, and the teeth of a lion, that was owned and beloved by Minos. The beast was kept in a building called the Labyrinth, which had been builded by the orders of the king, and consisted of hundreds of rooms, both above and below the ground. So full was it of doors and of windings that none who entered therein ever found their way out again. In the cavern depths of those rooms, the Mino-

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taur pawed and raged, awaiting his yearly victims of seven youths and seven maidens from Athens.

And this is the tale that the minstrels told of those victims and the Adventure of Theseus:

Once Minos had a son who went up to Athens and won in the great sports and games. The Athenians admired his beauty and strength and honored him as a hero. But Aegeus, the king, was jealous and fearful lest the youth should take away his scepter and become king of Athens. In his wrath he plotted against him and slew him, no man knew how, or where. Then Minos went to Athens with a mighty army to avenge his son's death. He would not depart from the city until the people promised him a yearly tribute of seven youths and seven maidens who were to be chosen by lot, and sent in a black-sailed vessel

## STORIES OF HELLAS

to the Island of Crete and there fed one by one to the Minotaur in the Labyrinth.

Once, years before, that same king, Aegeus, was traveling in a distant kingdom when he met and married the princess. They lived happily together and had a sturdy young son named Theseus. One day the king was called home to Athens, and for some strange cause he left the mother and babe behind. Before departing he gave the queen a pair of golden sandals and a bronze sword with a golden hilt, saying, as he did so: "Place the sword and sandals under a marble slab close by the temple of Poseidon, and when Theseus is strong enough to raise the stone he shall journey alone to Athens and be made known as the prince of the city."

For eighteen long, weary years the mother watched and waited, training her boy to be kind and gentle and to do deeds of prowess.

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Then she took him up to the temple and from there sent him to a thicket, near by, to find the marble slab beneath the laurels and plane-trees. With one superb effort of strength the boy lifted the slab and saw the golden sandals and sword. With a joyful cry he gathered them up and sped away to his mother as fleet as runs the deer in the forest.

She then told him of the beautiful Athens in Attica. She told him that Attica was the land of Cecrops, the serpent-tailed king, and was made up of twelve walled-cities, and bee-haunted, vine-clad mountains; meadows, where blossomed the asphodel and the crocus, and wooded glens wherein the nightingale poured forth her song.

The queen-mother asked Theseus what he would do were he ever made king of Athens, and the boy replied: "I would rule so wisely and well that when I died the people would

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mourn for me, as mourn the sheep for their lost shepherd."

The mother rejoiced and said, "Depart, my son, to Athens, for thou art indeed a mighty prince, the son of King Aegeus, and some day thou mayst be king of the city."

With his eyes alight with a new-born fire, Theseus put on the sandals and sword, kissed his mother a loving adieu and fared over the way to Athens, slaying dragons, righting great wrongs and ridding the forests of robbers till his fame and glory spread throughout the kingdom.

Theseus ascended the long flight of steps that led up to the Acropolis and entered the city of Athens. He sought out the royal palace and found the court feasting and making merry. He entered the banqueting hall, and the ancient king knew Theseus to be his own beloved son, by the golden sandals and the



THESEUS



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glittering sword. He clasped the boy in his arms, and they both wept for the sheer joy of meeting. The people came out with harps, dances and songs. They offered sacrifices to Athene and reveled throughout the night, rejoicing that their king had found a valiant son and the city a prince and a hero.

A herald appeared in the court demanding the yearly tribute to King Minos of Crete. The whole city was thrown into a panic of mourning and lamentations, for seven brave sons and seven fair daughters of Athens must be sent to the Labyrinth to feed the Minotaur.

Theseus was appalled at the blood-curdling practice and resolved then and there to slay the Minotaur and free his people. When the lots were being cast the young hero offered himself as a victim. King Aegeus wept and stormed, forbidding so great a sacrifice. But Theseus sailed away in the black-sailed ship,

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having promised his father to change the black sails to white if he returned victorious.

The black-sailed ship reached the city of Crete which nestled beneath the peaks of Mount Ida, and those fourteen sons and daughters of Athens were taken before King Minos, who sat in his marbled palace. The king looked them over and ordered them sent to prison, and cast one by one to the monster, that the death of his son might be avenged.

Theseus begged the king to allow him to be thrown first to the beast, and told him how he had chosen himself to be a victim. The king was so struck with the beauty and bravery of the youth that he begged him to go home in peace. Theseus replied: "I will never depart from your city till I have stood face to face with the Minotaur." At that the king cried: "Take the mad man away and let him see my beloved monster."

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They led Theseus away to prison with the other youths and maidens. Ariadne, the king's daughter, saw the young prince of Athens as she came out of her great dancing-hall, and she loved him for his courage and strength. At night she crept into the prison and gave him a sword to slay the beast and a clue of thread by which he might find his way out of the Labyrinth. Theseus loved Ariadne and promised to make her his wife and take her away to his own beautiful city. He hid the sword and the clue of thread in his bosom and slept sweetly until the morning.

In the evening the guards led him away to the Labyrinth. Theseus went down into that dark, winding gloom, but he carried the clue of thread, which he had fastened to a stone at the entrance, and let it unroll out of his hand as he went through the rooms and arches and over heaps of fallen stones.

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He met the Minotaur in a narrow gorge of black cliffs, and was startled when he saw the stupendous beast roar, put down his head and plunge at him. The youth stepped quickly aside and struck at him with the sword, which Ariadne had given him. He stabbed him again and again, and the monster, who had never before felt a wound, ran through the thousand wayed Labyrinth bellowing wildly with pain. Theseus was hot on his trail. He found him panting in a glen that was white with eternal snows. How they fought, man and beast! All that vast winding gloom echoed and trembled with the noise of the combat till the hero of Athens caught the Minotaur's horns, thrust back his head and pierced his throat with his sword.

Halting and weary, Theseus made his way through the gloom by the clue of thread, till he reached the entrance of the building. There

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he found Ariadne, the princess, and whispered: "The monster is slain," and showed her the sword. In the star-lit darkness they hastened away to the prison and freed the youths and maidens, while the guards were sleeping heavily. Soon they were sailing away on the black-sailed ship, a merry crew bound for Athens.

They reached an island, where Theseus and Ariadne were wedded, and all the gay crowd were spending the bridal day in the shadowy glades of the forest. Dionysus, the god of wine and revels, went wandering by and stole the fair Ariadne and bore her away to be his own bride.

Again they set sail in the black-sailed ship, a sorrowing crew bound for Athens, and in his sorrow and grief Theseus forgot to change the black sails for white.

Far away on a cliff sat old king Aegeus

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watching for the return of the vessel. When he saw the black sails he gave one piercing shriek and fell headlong into the sea, which ever since has been called the Aegean.

The people were wild with delight and wonder when they saw the youths and the maidens and knew their days of tribute were over. Theseus was crowned king of Athens and was honored as one of the greatest heroes of earth.

## HERACLES

THE minstrels recited the deeds of Heracles, who was the son of great Zeus and was born within the gates of Thebes.

Golden-sandalled Hera hated the young child, and when he was but a few days old she sent two terrible serpents to devour him with their poisonous fangs. They crept into the palace and coiled round the cradle. Their

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rustle and hissing awakened the babe, who sat up in his crib and rubbed his sleepy eyes. While his nurses stood by, helpless and screaming, Heracles strangled the deadly serpents with his baby fingers and laughed and cooed with delight.

Heracles had a long, happy childhood and was trained by Chiron, a Centaur or creature of the woods who was half man and half horse and skilled in all arts and all virtues. Chiron was the teacher of many chieftains and heroes of Hellas and was greatly beloved by the Hellenes. So well did the Centaur train Heracles that he grew up fine, strong and noble, and could easily strangle a wolf or a lion.

Once Heracles killed a lion that ranged through the mountains, and ever afterward wore its skin, which was his only garment. He pulled up a tree of the forest and carried

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it in his hand for a weapon. Then he went out into the world to seek his fortune. On the way he met two strange maidens named Pleasure and Duty. Pleasure was handsome and bold, and was clad in jeweled raiment. With smiles and dimples, she begged Heracles to follow her all the days of his life, offering him ease, comfort, good times and riches. Duty was a very plain, modest maiden. She stood aside and quietly asked the hero to follow her throughout his life; but she warned him that if he did so he would have to labor hard, do right, war against evil and endure many hardships and hunger. Heracles scorned all the soft smiles and fine arts of Pleasure, and chose to follow plain, simple Duty. He went on his way rejoicing, resisting temptations and doing deeds of valor.

Wicked Hera still hated the youth and devised means to destroy him. She persuaded

## STORIES OF HELLAS

Zeus to decree that Heracles should serve a certain king of Hellas for a twelve-month. Now, that king was wicked and jealous like Hera, and was glad to have the hero in his power and service. He set him Twelve Labors to perform, each fraught with great danger and seemingly impossible. Heracles was angry and amazed at the injustice, and pondered long in his heart as to whether he should attempt them. He sought the oracle at Delphi, who bade him remember Duty and obey every task that was assigned him. Thrilling with joy and enthusiasm, Heracles went forth to perform all his labors.

Now, listen, children, to the Twelve Labors of Heracles which the minstrels recited to the notes of their lyres:

Heracles killed an awful lion that raged in Nemean forest and devoured men, women and children. The lion had a skin which no

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weapon could pierce, and when Heracles went into the forest he picked up the lion and strangled it in his powerful arms as easily as he had destroyed the deadly snakes in his babyhood.

He destroyed the Hydra that lived in the marshes and ravaged the surrounding kingdoms. When Heracles cut off one of the heads, he noticed that two more instantly grew. He told a servant to burn each wound with a firebrand, and in that way the wise hero cut off every head. Heracles dipped some arrows into the Hydra's blood and they were thus made deadly poison, and were carried by the young hero during the rest of his life.

The king told Heracles to capture a wild boar that roamed through the mountains of Arcadia. The youth caught the boar and carried it alive to the king, who was so frightened that he shut himself up in a brazen

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room of the palace and ordered the boar taken out of the city.

Artemis had a beautiful stag with golden horns and brass hoofs, and so fleet was the stag that its feet seemed never to touch the ground. The king bade Heracles capture the animal and carry it home to him. For a long time the hero chased the stag, and at last drove it into a snowdrift, from which he freed it and carried it to the king in triumph.

Some vicious birds lived close by a lake and fed on human flesh. Heracles shot his poisoned arrows at them, which killed or drove them away forever.

He defeated the Amazons, a strong race of fierce female warriors of Asia Minor, and kept as the spoil of the battle the exquisite girdle of their queen, which he gave to Admeta, the king's daughter.

For thirty years a king had kept three thou-

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sand head of cattle in some stables that had never been cleaned in all that time. Heracles was required to clean them, which he easily did by turning the course of a river through the stalls.

Once Poseidon gave Minos, the king of Crete, a bull to offer up as a sacrifice. Minos was so charmed with the animal that he resolved to keep it and sacrifice one of his own. Poseidon was very angry and caused the bull to go mad and dash over the island, frightening the people and doing much damage. By the order of his king and master, Heracles caught the maddened animal, slung it over his shoulder and marched away to the palace.

There was a king of Thrace who had some fine horses, which he fed on human flesh. He made a decree that all strangers who entered his kingdom should be seized, fattened and served as food to his horses. The valiant

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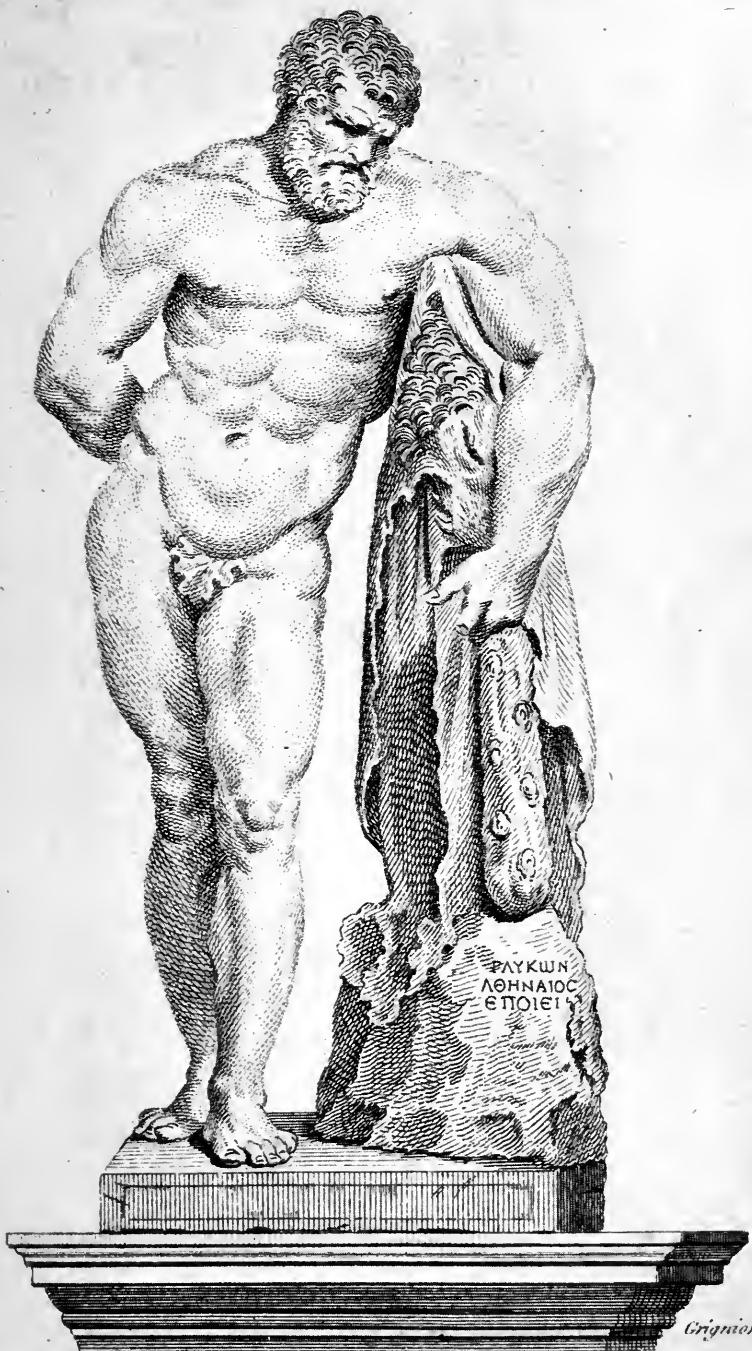
young Heracles overcame the king of Thrace and caused him to be fed to the horses, which he tamed and drove home to his master.

Somewhere in Hellas was a frightful monster with three bodies and three heads. Heracles slew the terrible creature and drove the king's flesh-eating cattle into the wilderness.

Far away to the outermost verge of the earth was the Garden of the Hesperides, where grew the golden apples, that were guarded day and night by a hundred-headed dragon. The king ordered Heracles to fetch him some of the marvelous fruit. The hero was sorely perplexed, for none but the immortals knew where lay the Garden of the Hesperides. He found the Old Man of the Sea asleep on the beach, and held him fast until he told him that Prometheus alone could direct him to the garden. Now, we know that

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Prometheus was bound to a rock, high on the Caucasian mountains, and that an eagle was feeding each day upon his liver. Heracles sprang up the mountainside, killed the hungry bird, snapped the chains and freed Prometheus, the Titan and lover of mankind. So grateful was Prometheus for his freedom that he gladly told Heracles to go to Atlas, his brother, who would help him procure the apples. With a bound the young man was off and away to the western rim of the earth, where he found Atlas holding the sky on his shoulders. Atlas offered to get the apples if Heracles would hold up the sky. Quickly the burden was shifted to the broad shoulders of Heracles and Atlas stretched his long limbs and capered and danced for the pure joy of motion and freedom. Covering long miles with each stride, he hastened away and saw the golden apples glinting in the sunshine. He en-



HERACLES

*Grignon Sc.*



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tered the garden, slew the sleeping dragon, and soon appeared before Heracles laughing and holding aloft three apples of Hespian gold. Patient old Atlas took back the sky on his shoulders, and Heracles went over land and sea singing gay songs and proud of his golden treasure.

Heracles had nearly finished his twelve-month of service to the king. Only one more labor remained, and then the young hero would be freed from his bondage. A ruthless, three-headed dog guarded the entrance to Hades. And that dog had an evil trick of fawning with his tail and both ears on all who entered therein; but he lay in wait and devoured all whom he found going forth from the gates of Hades and Persephone. Heracles went down into the underworld, and, without any weapon, seized and bound the dog and carried it up to the sunlight and then away to

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the king, who was so frightened that he at once sent the dog back to Hades.

The last labor was ended, and Heracles went over the world, serving whomsoever he pleased. After long years, weary with pain and sorrow, Heracles went up among the mountains, pulled up laurels and oaks, and builded his own funeral pyre. He gave his poisoned arrows to a friend who stood near, then lay down on the pyre, and bade that friend light it with a firebrand. Amidst the smoke and the flames, mighty Zeus was seen to descend in a thunder chariot and carry his son away to Olympus. There Heracles married a goddess and lived in a palace among the immortals.

## STORIES OF HELLAS

### A WEDDING

THE poets sang songs of silver-footed Thetis, who was born in the sea. She was a winsome young goddess who spent all her days in laughter and song. Her fifty fair sisters and the joyous sea-maids were her companions. With gleaming sea-moss twined in their streaming hair, and clad in the billowy garments of ocean, they frolicked through marble sea-caves and sported on the backs of the dolphins. They sailed through the sparkling waves in their fairy, pearl boats, and when Triton blew his wreathed horn they rode on the storm-crested billows. With gleesome songs and merry shouts they raced over the glistening sands and oft wandered afar into the forests to gather fragrant hyacinths and purpling violets.

Once lovely Thetis strayed alone on the

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sands. Star-like flowers blossomed under her feet as she gathered the pinky-white shells and carolled songs of gladness. Her boat, a curved shell of hollow pearl, was anchored nearby in a sea wave. Peleus, a splendid young prince and hero of earth, was wandering over the same golden sands. He was dreaming of his deathless glories, won in the quest of the Golden Fleece amid the forests over the Helle-spont. They met on the sands and Peleus was lost in a trance of wonder, charmed with her radiant loveliness. There in the sunlight by the listening waters, the prince wooed the young daughter of the Old Man of the Sea and won her consent to be his sweet bride.

They were wedded in her father's coral palace, deep down in the ocean, and all the sea was in a tumult of glory. The house was made glad with glittering splendor. Ivory gleamed on the thrones and goblets glinted on exqui-

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site tables. All the copses and glades of the woodlands, and the meadows of earth, yielded their rarest flowers, until,

“Flattered with odors,  
The whole house brake into laughter.”

Peneus, the river-god of the fair vale of Tempe, bore gifts of nodding trees with moon-like blossoms and bright fruit, which he planted about the palace. Many rare viands were heaped on the banqueting tables, and all was feasting and mirth. The gods reclined on ivory couches and myriads of sea-maids sang bridal hymns to the music of golden lyres. In the midst of the hall, silver-footed Thetis reclined on her glorious couch, which was made of the tusks of the elephants of India, and spread with a quilt, dyed purple with the dye of sea-shells and embroidered with scenes that pictured all the poesy of the earth.

The goddess of Discord had snaky locks,

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sour looks and a violent temper. She was not invited to the wedding, and had vowed to avenge the insult. When the mirth waxed the merriest, she glided into the hall and cast on the festive board a golden apple bearing the words, "For the most beautiful," and then vanished like some evil spirit. All the joys and delights of the feast were as naught, for every sea-maid and goddess was claiming the prize of beauty. At last all gave way to Hera, Athene and Aphrodite, who were quarrelling fiercely. Zeus roared in his fury and decreed that Paris, a gay young shepherd of Mount Ida, should judge who was fairest and award the golden prize. He nodded his awful head and bade silver-winged Iris to hasten away with the apple.

Amidst all the confusion the Three Sisters of Fate crept into the palace. Their ancient, tottering bodies were wrapped in long robes

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of white that fell to their ankles, and on their feeble brows rested fillets of wool like the snowflakes. They held aloft their distaffs and spindles and spun out the threads, nipping and smoothing them with their yellowed teeth, while morsels of wool clung to their withered lips. And they chanted this weird prophecy:

“Born unto Thetis and Peleus shall be a son  
    called Achilles;  
    Dauntless in heart and in spirit,  
Fleeter of foot than the foot of the stag that  
    runs in the wildwood,  
    Victor in onslaught, Achilles shall stand be-  
    fore Troy like a god;  
By his sword shall fall the Trojans as falls the  
    ripened grain before the sickle,  
    And by him a river shall run red with blood,  
And send blind, dead bodies into the whirling  
    Hellespont,  
    Achilles shall fall in his youth, slain by a  
    prince of Troy,

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And on his tomb shall be sacrificed a young princess.

Hasten, ye spindles, and run; gallop, ye thread-running spindles."

### AWARDING THE GOLDEN PRIZE OF BEAUTY

FAR away in the Vale of Ida, where the mountains, glens, meadows and ledges hung rich in flowers, and the brooks fell through cloven, mossy rocks, Paris, the gay young shepherd, tended his sheep and his goats.

Paris was a prince of Troy, the son of Priam and Hecuba. When he was a babe an oracle foretold that Paris would be the death of his family and bring terrible war on the City of Troy. For that reason the young prince was exposed to die in a dewy, dark ledge of Mount Ida. The child did not die,



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but grew up a beautiful but evil-hearted shepherd.

One day Paris was leading a jet-black goat from a ready well. A leopard skin drooped from his shoulders and his sunny hair clustered in curls around his temples. In his milk-white palm he held an apple of pure, fragrant gold that bore on its burnished rind the words, "For the most beautiful."

That was the apple that the goddess of Discord had thrown on the festal board at the wedding of Thetis and Peleus. The fruit had been given to Paris by silver-winged Iris, who told him how thundering Zeus had decreed that he should judge who was fairest among Athene, Hera and Aphrodite, and award the prize of beauty.

It was deep mid-noon when Paris passed into a grotto overhung with ivy and clustering vines and garlanded with flowers and berries.

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Suddenly a great golden cloud appeared, dropping sweet-smelling dew, and drawn by a crested peacock that lit on the tree-tops above. Hera, Athene and Aphrodite danced into the grotto. They were radiant as day and under their feet blossomed the violet and asphodel.

Hera spake and her voice was clear as morning light. She begged Paris to award her the prize of beauty and offered him kingly power and fabulous riches. Paris held the fruit at arm's length and pondered her words, flattered at the thought of royal power and wealth.

Standing apart, was blue-eyed Athene, leaning on her cold, brazen spear. She quietly asked Paris to judge her the fairest, offering to make him wise as some god if he did so. Paris mused on her words and gazed at the apple.

Aphrodite drew nigh unto Paris. She was

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fresh as the foam of the sea, and her golden hair streamed about her white neck and shoulders. Sparkling with laughter, she leaned forward and whispered: "I will give thee the fairest and most loving wife in all Hellas."

Paris raised his arm and laid the golden prize of beauty in the white hand of the goddess. With angry eyes, and vowing vengeance on the Trojans, Hera and Athene entered the great golden cloud, and the crested peacock bore them away to Olympus.

## ACHILLES

THIS is the poet's tale of the fulfillment of the prophecy spun out by the galloping spindles and chanted by the ancient, tottering Sisters of Fate at the wedding of Thetis and Peleus.

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A wee baby boy was born in the royal palace of Thessaly, and that baby boy was the son of Thetis and Peleus, and he was named Achilles!!

Thetis was entranced with his sturdy young beauty, and she remembered the distaffs and galloping spindles that spun out the threads of his destiny and the oracle that chanted how he should be slain in his youth. Now, Thetis was herself a goddess and knew the secrets of the gods by which they made men immortal. She resolved to make Achilles immortal and save him from the fate foretold by the prophecy. Attended by silver-winged Iris and her blooming young sisters, she carried him down into the dread mansions of Hades, and there in the woeful darkness and gloom, held the laughing infant by his tiny pink heel while she dipped his white, dimpled body into the darksome waters of the great River Styx,

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thereby making all parts of his body which were touched by the waters immortal. In her gladness and haste, Thetis did not notice that the sacred waters touched not the pretty pink heel which she held in her hand. That heel ever remained mortal, and was the one part of her son's body whereby men might slay him. The gods made known to Thetis her terrible blunder, and told her Achilles should fall before Troy.

The young hero was trained by Chiron, the Centaur, and grew up dauntless in heart and in spirit, and fleeter of foot than the foot of the stag that runs in the wildwood. Achilles was loved and sought after by gods and by men.

Paris, the Trojan prince and the jolly young shepherd of Mount Ida, went over the land seeking the fairest and most loving wife in Hellas, promised by Aphrodite when he

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awarded her the golden prize of beauty out in the vine-clustered grotto. The cunning goddess of love and of beauty enticed him to Sparta. There he became a guest in the king's house and was soon madly in love with Queen Helen, the fairest and most loving woman in all Hellas. Aided by Aphrodite, Paris stole Sparta's beautiful queen and bore her away across the waters to his own royal palace in Troy, where he made her his bride.

All Hellas was furious and wild at the boldness and theft of young Paris. Her kings, nobles and chieftains flew to their arms and their ships and waged desperate war on the Trojans—a war made brilliant and immortal by the gods and goddesses of Olympus, who drove their glistening war chariots back and forth between heaven and earth, inspiring and assisting their favorites to nobler battle. Athene and Hera still remembered the

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golden apple, and espoused the cause of the Hellenes. Aphrodite and Mars lent powerful aid to the Trojans.

For nine years the Greeks and Trojans had fought before the gates of Troy, but Achilles and Agamemnon, the commander of the Hellenic forces, had quarreled, and Achilles sat in his tent, fiercely angry and vowing that with his army he would sail away to Hellas and never more fight against the Trojans. Gods and Hellenes pleaded with him in vain, and all were plunged into despair, for Achilles and his soldiers were the mightiest army among the Hellenes.

The Trojans were burning the ships of Hellas. Achilles saw the smoke and the flames and his heart was so filled with anguish that he loaned his armor, a gift of the gods, to his friend Patroclus, who led forth the wonderful army of Achilles to fight the Trojans. Pa-

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troclus was killed by Hector, the brother of Paris, and the greatest of all Trojan princes. Hector kept the armor of Achilles which had been a gift of the gods.

The sad tale was told to Achilles as he sat in his camp, and he was wild with the sudden horror and grief. He cast himself on the ground, and, groaning aloud, he rolled and grovelled in the dust, beating his breast, rending his purple garments and tearing his golden hair.

All bathed in tears, Thetis flew to her son, and Achilles cried aloud when he saw her, "Ah, goddess mother, Patroclus is slain; he whom I loved above all others of mankind, and Hector has those glorious arms that were bestowed upon me by the gods. I, Achilles, hate to live, and I blush to walk among men until I have killed proud Hector who slew my best friend."

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And the goddess said: "Ah, my son, when thou killst Hector, then thou, too, shall die."

"Let Hector die, and I die, too," cried Achilles, "for did not Patroclus fall on the plain, wishing in vain for my aid?"

Thetis fell on her knees. "My son, thou canst not go forth to fight the Trojans without armor and sword. Stay but a while, and I will flee to the forge of Hephaestus, and will return at dawn with armor and sword more magnificent than that of the gods."

The silver-footed dame reached the far-beaming mansion in Mount Aetna, where she found the lame blacksmith bathed in sweat and working amid the fires of his forges. She begged the artist-god to fashion an armor and sword wherewith her son might fight the Trojans. Hephaestus returned to his fires and his forges, and from rarest metals he made the most wonderful armor ever worn by

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god or by man, and laid them down at the feet of Thetis.

As the sun horses galloped through the gates of the morning, Thetis bore the glorious burden of arms to Achilles. The dauntless hero clothed himself in the radiant armor and appeared like a shining god before the gates of Troy. At the sight of him, the Trojans trembled and gave way to fear, while the Hellenes, catching one glance of his eye, disdained to flee, and were inspired with new hope and courage.

Achilles was in very truth a victor in onslaught, and by his sword fell the Trojans as falls the ripened grain before the gleaming sickle. The river ran red with the blood and sent the dead bodies into the whirls of the Hellespont.

Then they met—Achilles and Hector. The dreadful plumage of Achilles nodded on his

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helmet, his sword glittered with trembling rays of light, the armor on his breast shown with beamy splendor and he bore his marvelous shield—all wrought by the lame god of Mount Aetna. Young Hector was clad in rich mail—a gift of the gods—which he had so lately taken from the dead body of Patroclus, the friend of Achilles. Hector and Achilles fought like infuriated gods till Hector fell dead on the plains.

Achilles saw and loved the young princess of Troy, and the sister of Paris and Hector. He sought her in marriage, and they were wedded outside of the gates of the city; when, lo! Paris, the young shepherd prince who stole the fair Helen and caused all the terrible warfare, shot a poisoned arrow into the heel of Achilles, the one part of his body that was not touched by the sacred waters of the Styx. Thus Achilles fell in his youth, slain by a

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prince of Troy, and on his tomb was sacrificed the young princess, his bride, as foretold by the thread-running spindles.

### THE TALE OF THE WOODEN HORSE

HECTOR and Achilles were slain. Paris, the gay young abductor, was dead, killed by one of the arrows which Heracles had poisoned by dipping it into the blood of the Hydra. Still the Hellenes and Trojans were fighting before the walls of Troy. The Hellenes were weary of the fighting and were plunged into the blackest despair.

But there was one among them whose heart was great within him, and his wisdom and cunning were plotting furiously against the Trojans. That renowned warrior was Odysseus, or Ulysses, king of Ithaca, who wore the armor of Achilles that was forged by Heph-

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aestus, the blacksmith god. The lovely, weeping Thetis had taken the burden of arms into the camp of the Hellenes to be given to the greatest hero of Hellas. Because of his wisdom and cunning skill, Odysseus, the renowned warrior and the mighty king of Ithaca, was clothed in the magnificent splendor of that armor. His crafty wisdom had matched itself with the Trojans, and soon on the plains of Troy stood a massive wooden horse, which was builded by the Hellenes. They then burned all their booths and sailed away in their well-decked ships as if they were sailing away for ever. But there in the Meeting Stead of the Trojans, fast-locked in the wooden horse, sat Odysseus and fifty brave Hellenes.

The city gates flew open and the Trojans poured out on the plains, rejoicing to see the smoke of the burning booths and their waters cleared of the hated ships of the Hellenes.

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There stood the wooden horse, and all were curious about it. Some of them wished to cleave the hollow wood with their swords, while others were clamoring to throw it into the sea; but there were some among them who would give it to the gods as a gift.

A priest of Poseidon stood near and cried out that it was some awful fraud of the Hellenes, and urged all to beware. When, lo! two terrible serpents came up from the sea and crawled over the land to the spot where the priest of Poseidon stood with his two young sons. The hissing vipers coiled round their bodies and strangled the priest and his sons in their poisonous folds. A wonderment of fear and awe swept over the Trojans. Was not that wooden horse sacred to the gods, and were not those serpents their awful vengeance?

With reverent hands they dragged the horse that was heavy with the Hellenes into the

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most sacred precinct of their city, and the day was spent in triumphant processions, feasts and revels, and in offering prayers and sacrifices.

In the deep of the night, when the city lay sleeping, the well-decked ships of the Hellenes went sailing back to Troy, the ponderous gates were opened, and Odysseus and his fifty brave fellows stepped forth from the wooden horse.

Artemis, looking down from her moon car, saw the men of Troy all put to the sword, and she saw the smoke and the glow of fire which was burning their Holy Burg to ashes.

### THE ADVENTURE OF ODYSSEUS IN THE LAND OF THE CYCLOPS

THE minstrels sang a stirring song of the adventure of Odysseus in the land of the Cyclops.

After the city of Troy was wasted with war,

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the many chieftains of Hellas who survived the sea and the battle were safe again in their homelands. But Odysseus, the king of Ithaca, with his vessels and his seamen, was exploring all the waters searching for his kingdom, and was enduring all the horrors that were on the land and sea.

They came to the land of the Cyclops, the one-eyed men whom Heaven had cast into Tartarus and Zeus had brought forth to Olympus. For the lightnings and the thunderbolts, and for their warring against the Titans, Zeus had given the Cyclops that land, away in the seas, wherein they might live forever and be mighty shepherds of numberless flocks. There in the land of the Cyclops all things grew unsown and untilled. The vines bore fruit which was filled with ruddy wine, and barley and wheat waxed thick and golden. Among the crags and high mountains, each in

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his cave of rocks, dwelt the Cyclops. Woody was their island, and it had no beaten paths of men to scare their flocks of goats that wended their way through the thickets and browsed over the flowering hilltops.

When they drew nigh to the island, Odysseus and his men beached their ships and struck their sails upon a near-by strand. And when the rosy dawn maiden swept through the burnished gates, Odysseus uprose from the salt-sea sands and thus addressed his men: "Now, my trusty fellows, ye shall stay behind while I take my ship and my shipmen and sail to the woody island to learn what sort of folk the islanders may be."

Soon the oars of his sea-men were beating the rough sea waves, and when they were hard by the island they saw a wide-mouthed cavern that was high and covered with bay trees, while all around were flocks of goats and

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sheep. Among the pines and the oak trees lay the Cyclops who was herding all those flocks. So mighty and marvelous was the Cyclops that he looked not like a shepherd, but like a wooded crag of the mountains.

Then Odysseus bade his trusty seamen to watch and bide by the ship while he, with twelve of the best of his men, went ashore. He carried a goatskin filled with black, sweet wine, a gift of a priest of Apollo. Quickly they made their way to the wide-mouthed cavern, and as they went therein they noted all things about them. Baskets were heaped and heavy with cheese, and the folds were thronged with fatted lambs and with kids. They offered to their gods and ate of the cheese, then sat themselves down to await the Cyclops' coming.

He came herding his sheep and carrying a heavy load of firewood, which he cast down

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with such a clatter that Odysseus and his men withdrew deep into the crannied cavern. The one-eyed shepherd drove in his sheep and his goats for the milking, and he lifted and set in the door of his hall a stone that was as big as a mountain. Now he milked his bleating goats and his ewes. Dividing the foaming white milk, he curdled the half of it and laid the curds in the wicker presses; half of the milk he stood in the jars close at hand, ready for his drinking at supper.

Seeing Odysseus and his men hiding there in the crannies, the Cyclops bellowed out: "Why are ye here, ye strangers from over the watery way? Are ye about some business, or are ye thieves a-faring here in my cave?"

So deep was his awful voice, and so monstrous was the Cyclops, that the hearts of those brave fellows beat almost aloud in their quaking, and they shrank deeper into the crannies.

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But Odysseus, the hero, answered him with daring: “Ay, sir, we are men of Hellas, and we sailed away from Troy, seeking our homes and our homelands. But the will of mighty Zeus sent all the winds of the sea to drive us about the waters. As suppliants now to thy cave have we come, hoping that as thou fear-est the gods, thou shalt give us the lawful meed of the guest folk.”

From a pitiless heart he answered him, “O, stranger, thou art a fool if thou thinkest that a Cyclops will spare thee or thy fellows a whit for the sake of great Zeus and his anger. But where left ye your well-fashioned ship? Speak out that I may know.”

Odysseus answered him in words that were guileful: “Poseidon, the earthshaker, de-  
stroyed our ship and cast it against the crags  
of thy island, and these men and I are all who  
are left of the noble crew.”

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The Cyclops made never an answer, but he clutched two of the trusty fellows who were trembling there in the crannies and dashed them on the ground, and as a lion bred in the mountains, he tore them limb from limb and ate them outright, swallowing, as he did so, the half of his foaming white milk.

Now, when the Cyclops had taken his fill of milk and the flesh of men he stretched himself in his cavern to sleep, amidst his flocks of sheep and goats. Odysseus drew his whetted blade to thrust it through his heart, but he thought of the mountain of stone in the doorway, and stayed his sword in his hand.

The Cyclops was up with the rose-fingered dawn, toiling and working about his cavern and milking his goats and sheep. When his labors were ended, he clutched two more of the fellows and broke his morning fast. He rolled the mountain of stone from the door-

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way; whooping loudly, he drove his flocks out of the den and slipped back the stone into the entrance. Odysseus and eight of his men were left alone, devising ill against the Cyclops.

Against the fold of the Cyclops was a freshly cut club of green olive. So huge was it that it seemed a mast of some broad ship of the ocean. Pointing to the olive, Odysseus spoke to his men: "Ho, my fellows! this very night while the Cyclops lies sleeping, we will take a bar of the olive club, heat it glowing hot, thrust it into the one eye of his forehead, and put the one eye out." Drawing nigh to the club, Odysseus cut off a fathom's length and gave it to his fellows, bidding them pare and smooth it. He sharpened the end and hid it among the rubbish which was strewn about the den. The men cast lots and chose four fellows with heart and daring to raise the bar with Odysseus and do the mighty deed.

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Evening came, and with it the Cyclops. Driving all his fatted beasts into the den, he walled up the doorway and sat again to his milking. When his work was done in order, he clutched two more of the fellows and ate them for his supper.

Odysseus held an ivy cup of the black, sweet wine in his hand, and drawing nigh he spoke to the Cyclops: "Since ye have eaten the flesh of my men, O Cyclops, now take and drink my wine." He took it and drank and begged the sweet stuff again. "Come and give me the drink and straightway tell me thy name."

Odysseus gave him the wine again and again, and when the monster was drunken, the cunning hero answered, "My father and my mother and all of my folk call me 'Noman,' for 'Noman' is my name."

The Cyclops said, "Noman shall I eat last

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of all his fellows here," and falling backward, he soon was fast asleep.

Odysseus and his four men fetched the bar of olive and heated it glowing hot. Raising it aloft, they thrust the burning end into the eye of the Cyclops and bored and twisted it about. Yelling with pain, the Cyclops tore from out his burning eye the sharpened shaft of olive and flung it across the cavern.

He yelled and whooped so loudly that his brother Cyclops heard and flocked about his den, crying, "O brother, what thing grieves thee that thou criest aloud in the night?"

And the raging Cyclops made answer: "O brothers, Noman is in my den, and Noman slayeth me."

From without his brothers spoke: "Brother, if thou art all alone and no man slayeth thee, it must be great Zeus who sendeth the awful ill. So put up a prayer to Poseidon, our

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mighty king." And they went away to their caverns.

Moaning aloud, the Cyclops groped about and removed the stone from the doorway. With his hands stretched out, he sat through the night in the entrance.

When the rose-fingered Dawn appeared, he sent forth from his den all of his fatted flocks with the ewes and his goats unmilked. Weary with pain and sorrow, the Cyclops groped his hands over all the beasts to see if the men were among them.

A little apart from the rock den, Odysseus and his four men unloosed themselves from under the fairest rams of the flock. Exultant with joy, Odysseus cried aloud, "O, Cyclops, if any shall ask thee who hath blinded thine eye, then shalt thou say it was Odysseus, the king of Ithaca, who was sailing away from Troy in search of his home and his homeland."



# **THE HEROIC OR HOMERIC AGE**



## THE DIVINE HOMER

THE story of the wrath of Achilles, his terrible sorrow for Patroclus, the forging of the wonderful armor by Hephaestus, the fighting of Achilles before Troy and the slaying of Hector, is told in a grand, stately poem or book called the Iliad. The tale of the wooden horse and the story of the wanderings and return of Odysseus are beautifully narrated in the Odyssey.

The people of Hellas and the early scholars of Europe and of our own land believed and taught that these exquisite poems were made up of the songs and ballads recited by Homer, who was one of the many wandering minstrels. They said that Homer was old and blind and had once been a schoolmaster in Smyrna, a

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Greek city of Asia Minor. For years he wandered over Hellas, singing his sublime lays and verses to the music of his lyre. He was passionately loved by the children, and legend says that he died out on an isle of the sea from an illness brought on by worry at not being able to solve a puzzle given to him by some fishermen's children. Long after he was dead, seven wealthy cities of Hellas hotly contended for the honor of having been his birthplace. But most of the writers agreed that he was born in Smyrna over in Asia Minor.

The eminent scholars of the day are saying that there was no blind bard named Homer. They say that by Homer is meant any one of the wandering minstrels of those three or four centuries of song who sang of the wrath, sorrow and fighting of Achilles, and of the wooden horse, and the wanderings and return of Odysseus. Centuries later a ruler of Athens



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ordered those songs to be collected and committed to writing. Thus were given to the world the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, two glorious poems that are the masterpieces of all literature.

The *Iliad* is the greater of the poems, and so well-beloved was it by the Hellenes that every schoolboy could recite full pages of the soul-stirring lines. It is said that Alexander the Great had an elegant copy of the poem which he carried in a jewelled casket and slept with it under his pillow.

The *Iliad* is fragrant with the dewey freshness of the springtime of earth. Like a polished mirror, the poem reflects the life and manners of that age and portrays the world of the gods with as much vividness and charm as if Homer had dipped his brush in the colors of sunset and painted great, living pictures.

Despite all the brilliant talk of our modern

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scholars, we love to think of the divine Homer as the blind old poet, wandering about or sitting on a silver-studded throne in some palace, singing the deeds of gods and of men to the notes of his sweet-toned lyre.

## THE WOMEN OF HELLAS

THOSE three or four centuries of wandering bards and fabulous heroes are known in history as the Heroic Age of Hellas, and sometimes they are called the Homeric Age in honor of the blind old Homer.

During that time the many kingdoms of Hellas were a-glitter with palaces which were the homes of kings, nobles and warriors. Within the walled courts and great glistening gates happy children danced in the sunshine and roamed through the beautiful gardens, while the queens, dames and maidens

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spent joyous days among their slaves spinning, weaving and embroidering. Once the glorious Helen wrought a robe that shone like a star and pictured in exquisite needlework the achievements of the Greeks and Trojans. She gave the shining garment to Telemachus, the son of Odysseus, bidding him let it lie in the house of his mother for his bride to wear in the hour of her wedding. The women's apartments of the palaces were ever alive with labor and the high-born mothers and daughters were as busy and helpful as the hand-maidens who flitted about them. They carried pitchers of water from the fountains, and were often seen washing their robes in the washing-wells down by the seashore.

In the *Odyssey* Homer tells a charming tale of a princess, who, with her maidens, was going down to the river to do the family washing. Her father, the king, bade the chariot

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be made ready, the princess piled up the soiled raiment, and the queen mother put in a basket of pleasing meats and dainties.

“Then the damsel took up the mule-whip, and hand to the bright reins laid,  
And smote the mules to be going, and the mules much clatter made.”

When they reached the river they loosed the mules, and, leaving them to browse on the tender grass close by, the princess and her hand-maidens dipped the garments and cleansed them and spread them on the salt-sea beach. While the clothes were drying in the sunbeams the pretty damsels bathed in the flowing waters and ate their dinners by the river side.

Those far-away days were the Golden Age for the lovely dames, fair ladies and sweet maids of Hellas. At no other time did they play so great a part in Hellenic history.

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They inspired poets to song and warriors to heroic battle. We know that when Helen was stolen away from Sparta the Hellenes rushed to arms and fought for ten long, weary years before the gates of Troy, trying to recover the beauty. That age was their one period of social life. Then the young men and young maidens of Hellas danced together at feasts, tripping to light airs played on the lute. The maidens wore white linen robes, lacy veils and wreaths of flowers. The youths had tunics on and carried short golden swords.

Through the labor of slaves the kingdoms of Hellas were yielding their wealth to the kings, nobles and warriors, who spent most of their time doing warlike deeds or uttering words of wisdom and eloquence. And, will you believe it, dear children, those same kings, nobles and warriors spent many hours with their young men and boys, running, leaping

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and jumping to make them fleet of foot and mighty in battle. Those old Greeks loved beauty, strength and heroism, but hated ugliness, weakness and cowardice. With them to be handsome, strong and brave was to be good. To be bad was to be a coward and a weakling.

There were no laws but those of custom, and they had no courts of justice. A just man of that age was one who did as other good men. They were often unjust and cruel, but we must not blame them too harshly, for they lived centuries before the Christ brought in the gospel of love and peace, and they knew nothing of our Golden Rule of kindness. Their gods were not true, living ones. They were only fanciful creatures created by poets, and they had evil ways of their own which they taught to the sons of men.

When those Hellenes took a city they put all the men to the sword and made slaves of

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the women and children. Thus, among the slaves of Hellas were men and women of gentle breeding, who had once been princes, queens and daughters of royal households. After the fall of Troy the Trojan women, and even the mother of Paris and Hector, were made captives and carried away to ply the loom and fetch water from the fountains of the Hellenes.

The years of that age as well as those of the Tribal Age went by all uncounted, for those old Hellenes knew not how to count the flight of time. They kept no records and wrote no histories. There were no books of any kind in all that land. But they had the songs of the poets. They builded them silver-studded thrones in the halls of their palaces and welcomed them with feasting and mirth. The poets' songs, tales and legends were the Hellenes' books and histories, and they were the

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greatest forces in the forming of their ideas of earth, religion, art and society. We call those songs, legends and tales, the Greek Myths, or Mythology, and through them we learn much of the lost ancient splendor of Heroic or Homeric Hellas.

## AN INTERLUDE OF INTER- ESTING STORIES



## THE HELLENES' IDEA OF EARTH

THE Hellenes' ideas of earth were those of poesy and fancy. They were gleaned from the songs of their minstrels and their own lively imaginations.

To the Hellenes, the wide-wayed earth was flat and round, and encircled by River Ocean, a deep, peaceful stream from which all waters flowed. In the midst of the earth blossomed gay, smiling Hellas, and Mount Olympus was the center of all.

Far under the earth were the dread mansions of Hades, or Pluto, and his beautiful, earth-stolen bride, Persephone. Through those mansions flowed the great River Styx, by whose darksome waters the gods swore their

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most sacred oaths. Farther down was murky Tartarus, the abode of the wicked. The Hellenes loved the sunlight, and, Oh, how they hated and shunned these gloomy regions!

To the westward, on the farthermost borders of River Ocean, were the beautiful Isles of the Blessed—the Heaven of the Hellenes. There the heroes of earth and the souls of the good and the pure sang and flitted through one long day of eternal sunshine and bliss.

On the southern borders of the encircling waters dwelt the Ethiopians—a joyous and happy race of immortals, who spent all their days in gladsome delights and often feasted the gods.

Far away north, in a sun-bright deep nearby, the track of the stars, the Hyperboreans lived their care-free eternal life. So close was their realm to the blue-vaulted skies that the star-music floated down to them on the pale beams

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of night, and the moon car swung low as it passed over their land.

The eastern skies were the gates of morning. They were flung open by the rosy dawn maiden, Eos or Aurora, who sped through the sky dropping flowers and dewey freshness over the earth. The great burnished sun car flashed through the gates drawn by snorting horses of flame, and the people of Hellas cried: "Awake! 'Tis the sunrise!" Driven by Helios, and attended by Love, the glowing young Hours and the Graces, the horses galloped madly across the sky, flooding the earth with sunlight. At night they went down into the western seas, where a golden boat carried them back to the sun's eastern palace to rest from their panting labors.

Then Artemis bathed in River Ocean, clad herself in her gleaming garments, and mounting her moon car, she guided the milk-white

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steeds through the stars and the night, while a soft moonlight suffused heaven and earth like a mist of ethereal music.

Those were the joyous young days of Hellas, the springtime of life and of fancy. Then the Muses danced on Mount Helicon and sang lovely songs of earth. They went through the nights teaching their songs to the poets. Sea-maids sang dulcet songs as they rode through the waves seated on dolphins' backs, and the pipes-o' Pan were heard in the evening, mingling their notes with the honey-sweet songs of the nightingales.

## HOW THE POETS MADE THE RELIGION OF HELLAS

IN the wild tribal days of the Hellenes they had worshipped all things in nature—the sun, moon, stars, earth, sea and sky—and had of-

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ferred their prayers and their sacrifices out in the sunlit forests. But as they grew and progressed through the centuries, and felt the thrill and joy of all life about them, they turned from that senseless worship of nature and mere nameless spirits, and yearned for some great living god.

If only those Hellenes could have met the Hebrews and heard their sweet stories of the great living God of Israel, how changed would have been their lives and history!

But, no ; they met only the pagan folk of the Orient, and heard only the pagan songs of their own wandering poets. And the yearning, worshipful Hellenes believed and rejoiced in the songs of their minstrels. To them they were glorious gospel. They loved all the songs of the gods and the goddesses who dwelt low on the earth, and deep down in the sea, but best of all they loved the songs

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that told of great Zeus and his mighty company who dwelt high on Olympus. They loved all the gods and goddesses, and thought of them as dear, loving friends. Their own ardent fancies and passionate love for the beautiful enriched the songs of the poets with many charming stories.

Soon all Hellas was worshipping the gods of the poets, building them temples, and offering them prayers and sacrifices.

When lovely, flower-jeweled Hellas was fragrant with ripening grain, and when fruit hung luscious in orchards, the Hellenes rejoiced and sang hymns to Demeter or Ceres, the fair-tressed goddess of earth, who sent the grains, fruit and flowers.

They planted their vineyards and Dionysus or Bacchus, the jolly young god of wine and of revels, caused the clustering vines to yield rich glowing vintage. As they pressed out the

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purpling wine from the grapes, the Hellenes sang praises to lively Dionysus, who, draped all in laurel and ivy, lived in the woodlands, and rode on the backs of lynxes, tigers, and panthers.

Triton blew his wreathed horn, and clouds, mists, and storm-crested billows appeared far out at sea. Then the Hellenes knew the great sea god was foaming and scudding over the waves, drawn by his famous winged horses. And they sang lovely songs to Poseidon or Neptune, the great earth-shaker, and god of the sea and water, who dwelt with his beautiful wife and children in a dazzling sea palace.

The blacksmiths and craftsmen of Hellas who bent stubborn steel, and hardened gleaming armor, sang rousing hymns to Hephæstus or Vulcan, the god of fire, and himself a lame blacksmith and forger of thunderbolts, in the heart of roaring, blazing Mount Aetna. They

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sang funny songs of how Hephæstus, the son of great Zeus and Hera, had been kicked out of heaven by his thundering father, and was a long summer's day falling to earth.

### **ZEUS AND HIS WONDERFUL COMPANY**

FAR away on the summit of lofty Mount Olympus, in a lovely, laughing abode of sunshine and flowers, dwelt great Zeus and his shining company of gods and goddesses. There they lived in their own starry palaces, made by the lame god Hephæstus and they spent many long happy hours in feasting and song. But often they left the shining courts of Olympus and sped through the rosy cloud gates, that were guarded by the glowing young Hours, down to earth on their missions of frolic, war, mercy, or vengeance.

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High over all in that laughing, lovely abode, was the sumptuous, glittering palace of great, thundering Zeus, the father of gods and of men. In the spacious halls of his palace the gods held wonderful councils or Agoras to decide all matters in heaven and earth.

How splendid and glorious was great, thundering Zeus, the father of gods and of men! He made all the gods and Olympus tremble at the awful, divine nod of his head; and he flashed forth the lightnings and hurtled the thunderbolts through the deep skies. Once the great Thunderer boasted that all the gods and all the men of earth pulling together could not budge him, but that he could stretch forth his hand and pull gods, men, sea, and earth to himself and suspend all with one golden cord from Mount Olympus. The eagle, tall trees and mountain tops were sacred to Zeus. He rode between heaven and earth in a chariot,

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drawn by horses with glowing brass hoofs and manes of pure curling gold.

Hera, or Juno, was the bride of great Zeus, and the goddess of heaven, and of women and marriage. She was white-armed, and magnificent—but oh, so very bad mannered! She never returned good for evil, and often quarreled and fought with great, thundering Zeus. Once Zeus hung her up in the sky, with golden anvils swung on her gleaming white ankles, and handcuffs of gold on her delicate wrists. Hephaestus ran to the aid of his mother and Zeus kicked him off Mount Olympus. You see, the lovely ox-eyed lady was very renowned throughout Hellas. The peacock and cow, the lily, pomegranite and willow were sacred to her beautiful highness. Hera rode between earth and heaven in a glittering chariot drawn by prancing steeds that fed on lotus and ambrosia, and sometimes she sped through

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the air in a golden cloud drawn by crested peacocks.

Iris was the lovely winged messenger of Hera, and the rainbow was the bright path from earth to heaven over which the young goddess sped.

Ares, or Mars, was the son of Zeus and Hera, and the fierce god of war and battle. He hated peace and wisdom, and loved battle, carnage and bloodshed. He loved the vulture that fed on the slain, and the reeking, bloody sword and spear. How fearfully splendid was Ares in battle! Clad all in shining armor and great, waving war plumes, he brandished his heavy lance and shouted defiance. But Ares was hated by gods and by men.

Hebe was the blooming young daughter of Zeus and Hera, and the gay, winsome goddess of youth. All bubbling with grace and dimpling with laughter, sweet Hebe mixed the nec-

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tar and ambrosia and passed it among all the guests at their banquets and parties. But once charming Hebe met young Heracles, a hero of earth, who could pick up a lion and strangle it in his big brawny arms. The goddess and hero straightway fell in love and were married, just as men and maidens have done in all times and all places. Thus blooming Hebe left the halls of great Zeus, left her urns of nectar and ambrosia and went with her dear lord and master to live in their own starry palace.

Then mighty Zeus sent his flaming eagle down to a flowering meadow of earth where the beautiful, golden-haired Ganymede was gathering flowers by the handful. The eagle bore the child skyward up to the courts of Olympus, there to live with the immortals and be cup-bearer in the halls of great Zeus.

Once great Zeus had a fierce, mighty head-

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ache. His groans and cries shook all heaven and earth. He sent to Mount Aetna for Hephaestus to leave his fires and anvils and take his big axe to Olympus and cleave open his aching head. Quick as thought the lame god was by the side of his father, and with one mighty blow obeyed his command. Out sprang blue-eyed Athena, full-grown and clothed in bright armor. She was singing a terrible war song of victory. All Olympus sang and rejoiced while the head of great Zeus closed, and a radiant light shone over sea and land. Zeus loved Athena so dearly that he wanted her glories to be as great as his own, so he gave her the divine right to nod her beauteous head whenever she spoke. The olive tree, cock, serpent and owl were sacred to her. Athena was goddess of war and of wisdom, and she loved and protected the cities. It was the blue-eyed war goddess, Athena, who

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taught all the beautiful queens, lovely dames and young maidens of Hellenes the arts of spinning and weaving. With the help of the Graces she spun and wove all the robes of the goddesses and her own radiant veil, that was more dazzling than light. Often Athena cast aside her wonderful veil and put on the dread armor of Zeus with its massy-plumed helmet, mounted the war chariot and whirled off to battle.

Hestia, or Vesta, was the calm, stately goddess of fire and kept the homes of men pure and holy. Every city and state kept a sacred fire burning before her dear shrine. Every new home and new colony had its fire lighted from her sacred hearth. Once great Zeus offered her any gift she might choose. She chose never to marry and to have the first offerings at all of the sacrifices. Hestia was loved dearly by gods and by men, and Zeus



ZEUS



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gave her the honored seat in the agora, and the choicest morsels at the banquet.

Hermes, or Mercury, was the son of thundering Zeus and was born in a cool, fragrant grotto in the shadowy heart of Arcadia. From the first he was a cunning thief, a charming scamp and a rascal. Hermes was born in the rosy dawn of the morning, and at midday he saw a fat, lazy tortoise waddling along and eating rich grass outside. The babe leaped from his cradle, ran out of the grotto, snatched up the tortoise and took it inside. Then he choked it and scooped out the soft flesh with a piece of gray iron and fashioned a sweet-toned lyre from its speckled shell and some reeds. In the evening of that day, he was very hungry and went over the hills and stole fifty of Apollo's fat cattle and all by himself had a sacrifice and feast. Later he gave his beautiful lyre to Apollo for the cattle he stole, and

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the sly rogue so won Apollo's heart that he laughed at it all and then and there gave Hermes a three-pointed, golden wand, that could settle all quarrels and troubles. Hermes saw two snakes quarreling close by, and thrust his wand between them. They at once twined lovingly and peacefully around it, and Hermes bade them stay there for ever. The gods of Olympus gave him a winged cap and winged sandals and Zeus made him the fleet messenger of the gods. With his snake-entwined wand, his cap and his sandals, Hermes sped through the air faster than shoot the hail stones. It was jolly young Hermes who made the beds of the gods, and swept out their halls after their feasts and agoras.

Aphrodite or Venus was the goddess of love and of beauty, and was born of the soft, silver foam of the sea. The west wind found her in a joyous blue sea-wave and wafted her

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in a sea-pearl down to the island of Cyprus. When the lily maid touched the shore, beautiful flowers sprang up and kissed her rosy-white feet, and the sunbeams played among her dimples and smiles. The Hours and Graces were waiting to welcome her, and were filled with love and delight when they saw her. They clad her about in dazzling raiment, adorned her white neck with chains of gold, and wreathed her young head with roses and myrtle. They led her to Mount Olympus and all the gods were in rapture about her. Among the flowers and fountains they crowned her the goddess of love and of beauty and every young god prayed mighty Zeus to give him Aphrodite for his own wedded wife. Zeus gave the winsome young goddess to the horrid, lame blacksmith god, Hephaestus, who built her a glittering, star-like palace. Laughter-loving Aphrodite loved

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swans, sparrows, doves, and dolphins, and oh, how she loved her own little son, Eros, or Cupid, the god of love, and a pretty, fat little fellow, full of mischief, who carried a silver bow and arrows and had tiny silver wings. Aphrodite, Eros, and the Graces had great sport roaming through the groves and meadows and pelting each other with flowers and with dew.

Leto, or Latona, was the queenly goddess of night. Draped in billowy masses of star-studded blackness, she roamed through the meadows of earth and Olympus, boasting that she was the mother of glorious children—Prince Apollo and Artemis, the Archer Huntress.

Apollo, the son of Leto, was born on the island of Delos. Themis touched his baby lips with nectar and sweet ambrosia. Lo! he was a babe no longer but a full-grown,

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golden-haired god, splendid and shining. He went over the wide ways of earth and Delos blossomed with gold as blossoms a hillside with flowers. Fleet as thought he went from earth to Olympus and delighted the hearts of the gods with his grace and his golden beauty. Mighty Zeus made Apollo the god of light, poetry and music, and bade him make known his wisdom and counsel among men. Apollo was ever a blessing to earth and from his great heart he poured out life, light and music. Clad in flowing robes embroidered with gold, and armed with a golden bow and a quiver of golden arrows, the beautiful laurel-crowned god went harping and singing over the earth. His lyre was the one that Hermes had fashioned from the reeds and the speckled shell of the tortoise, but the touch of Apollo had turned it to gold, and it made the sweetest music on earth or Olympus.

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Artemis, or Diana, was the twin sister of Apollo and the daughter of Leto. She was the goddess of the moon, woods and hunting. When but a child, Artemis vowed never to marry, and some nymphs, who were always her happy companions, took the same maiden vows. Sometimes she went through the clustering woodlands in a silver chariot drawn by hounds, and watered her steeds from the reedy wells and pools of the forests. Clad in their short hunting dresses, and with bows and quivers of arrows, Artemis and her laughing companions roamed through the shadowy hills and the windy headlands hunting the stag and wild beasts. When tired of the chase they hung up their bows in some grotto, and sang and danced in the woodlands or bathed in the limpid streams. At night Artemis guided the airy moon car, fragrant with pearly dew, across the sky. She caught the sweet incense

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from the sleeping earth and thought night more entrancing than day. Once, bending low from her moon-car, Artemis saw Endymion sleeping under a tree. She glided from her chariot and, floating to earth, kissed the sweet child, who awakened with a start, and rubbed his sleepy eyes with his fat dimpled hands. He saw the moon sailing high and bright in the heavens and drowsily murmured, "I thought the moon kissed me," then went back to sleep and his dreams.

## THE DIVINE AGORA

HIGH in that lovely, laughing abode of sunshine and flowers was the burnished star-palace of mighty Zeus. In those spacious halls were held the divine Agoras, or wonderful counsels of the gods.

At the command of Zeus, all the gods of

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Olympus and those of the earth and the sea, and even grim Hades sped away to meet in his courts.

And what grand, gay, brilliant meetings those were! The imperial gods and goddesses, clad in dazzling array, sat on thrones of pure gold, in the midst of a palace that was sparkling with jewelled light and perfumed by myriads of celestial flowers.

From their lips flowed sweet, silvery speech, as they discoursed on affairs of heaven and earth. Their eloquent utterances diffused through the halls of loud-thundering Zeus, and rang through the top of listening Olympus.

Far apart and high above the glittering throng, sat Zeus, ever king, ever mighty, who sent the thunderbolts hurling across the blue-vaulted skies and flashed down to earth burning lightnings. From his throne, the great

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thunderer spoke forth his sacred counsel and all Olympus trembled, and flung back the echoes of his flaming eloquence. He showed his divine will and sealed his promises to the gods with a nod of his massive head:

“Earth and high heaven the dread signal took,  
And all Olympus to the center shook.”

Then the merry hours began. The glowing halls were ravished with the music of Apollo’s heavenly lyre, and the dulcet sounds of the silver-throated muses who dwelt on Mount Helicon. Merry peals of laughter rent the skies, as blooming, blushing Hebe filled the golden bowl with nectar and ambrosia, and,

“In his turn,  
Each to his lips applied the nectar’d urn.”

Then they danced—the lovely Hours and fair-haired Graces, and Hebe and Aphrodite, and all that beauteous crowd. Winsome

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sounds and flashing light issued from their twinkling feet and wondrous garments.

When the radiant sun descended down the skies, all departed for their starry-domed palaces.

### **A SACRIFICE AT A TEMPLE**

THE religious worship of Hellas was joyous and happy. It consisted of prayers, offerings, sacrifices, feasting, dancing and song. The Hellenes thought of their gods as the givers of all great and good gifts. They thought of them as men and women who danced, feasted, and made merry upon Olympus and demanded their share of all the good times and feastings of earth. At every meal and banquet they poured upon the floor a few drops of wine or water, and burned some of the choicest morsels of food on the hearth. In

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that way the Hellenes showed forth their thanks and the gods received their share of the repast. They builded them altars of stone, turf or marble. They builded them out in the forests, in sacred meadows and before every home and temple. On the altars were sacrificed sheep, goats, cattle, and sometimes swine. The animal sacrificed was usually an ox or a goat, and often as many as a hundred were offered at a sacrifice. Such an offering was called a hecatomb, and was only made at great festivals. They builded beautiful temples, each sacred to some god or goddess and containing the god's image. Every temple of Hellas faced the east and the sunrise. Within the sacred shrine they laid their offerings of flowers, cakes, loaves, grain, fruit, vessels of gold and silver, works of art, tripods and captured armor. Each year at the festival of Athene a marvelously embroidered robe was

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presented to the goddess. It was woven and embroidered by the dames and maids of Athens, and was given with great ceremony to the priestess of the temple, who removed the old robe and gracefully draped the new one about the statue. Each temple had one or more priests and priestesses to care for its altar and gifts. And the priest led in the sacrifices.

When the Hellenes made a formal offering at the altar of some temple, they went in their festal attire and wore wreaths of flowers on their heads. They marched in stately processions in which maidens gracefully bore on their heads the baskets to be used in the sacrifice, and young men in snowy raiment, led the animal that was to be offered up on the altar. The ox or sheep was made gay with gilded horns and garlands of flowers.

On the altar before the temple a sacred fire was burning. The priest in his robes of state

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plucked a burning brand from the fire, dipped it in water and sprinkled the goodly company. Stepping to the altar he raised aloft his great, glittering knife, crying aloud: "Beware of your words," and the ceremony had begun.

The animal was led to the altar and a bit of hair was cut from its head and thrown on the fire. Then some barley-corns were taken from the basket and the people stretched forth their hands and offered their prayers to the god of the temple. After the prayers were said the barley-corns were tossed upon the flower-crowned head and the fire; young men turned the animal's head toward heaven, and the priest cut its throat with his great, glittering knife. All the company shouted joyously, while the blood was caught in a golden bowl and poured upon the fire as a libation.

Then the animal was deftly skinned and carved and parts of the thigh bones were

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wrapped in layers of white fat and laid on the altar, that was made fragrant with flowers, wine and spices. The Hellenes thought that the savory smoke and fragrance ascending from the burning sacrifice delighted and fed the god to whom it was offered.

The flesh was roasted and divided among the people who feasted and danced to the music of flute and of song. At the last, the tongue of the victim was laid on the fire, as a gift to the god, and each guest approached the altar and poured a libation of wine.

All the while the temple doors were open and the god of the temple gazed out on the sacrifice and the revels. Those simple Hellenes really believed that the statue smiled and rejoiced when the delicious smoke and the songs of mirth were wafted into the shrine.

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### THE GREAT OLYMPIC GAMES

WE have seen that the religion of Hellas was a festive one, delighting in feasts, sports and gay, brilliant pageants. Out of it grew the great athletic games, and festivals for which Hellas was noted. There were one or more festivals sacred to each god and goddess; feasts to honor the budding springtime and revels for the autumn vintage, all of which began and ended with processions and sacrifices, and were made merry with feasts, dancing and games.

But none of the feasts and revels were so thrilling and splendid and so far-reaching in their influence as the great Olympic games.

The Olympic games were held in honor of Zeus, and legend says they were founded by Heracles when he carried a wild olive from the gardens of the Hyperboreans and planted

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it in the sacred grove near by the temple of Zeus at Olympia.

The games were celebrated on the Olympian plain every four years, during the full moon of July or August, and so sacred was the festival month that a truce was declared throughout Hellas which caused all strife, quarrels and warfare to cease, thus enabling the Hellenes—even those from the most distant cities and islands—to journey to Olympia and again reach their homes in safety.

The games were made up of chariot, horse and foot races; boxing, leaping, wrestling and throwing the discus or quoit. Any free boy, youth or man who could prove himself of pure Hellenic blood and of blameless character, and who had trained ten months in the gymnasia and the required number of days under the special trainers at Olympia, could enter the athletic contests. Nobles, princes

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and kings who could prove their pure Hellenic blood and virtuous living entered their chariots and horses, which were driven by charioteers.

The kings of Macedon, a little country to the north and closely allied to Hellas, contested in the chariot races, but they, too, were required to prove their true Hellenic descent. Women were barred from the festivals, but royal ladies were permitted to send their horses and chariots.

Thousands of Hellenes met on the plain—boys, youths, men, chieftains, nobles, princes and kings, striving to outdo their opponents in feats of strength, fleetness of horses, splendor of chariots or magnificence of retinue. The best poets, writers, artists and sculptors of Hellas were there, reciting their poems, reading their histories and exhibiting their pictures or sculptured marble.

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Herodotus, the first great historian of Hellas, read his history at one of the Olympic festivals. The listening multitude applauded loudly and forthwith named the nine books of his history for the nine Muses who dwelt on Mount Helicon.

In the booths around the plain of Olympia swarthy merchants from Cyrene and from Asia Minor exchanged their wares with the merchants from Sicily and from Snowy Sythia.

Bathed in the golden glory of summer the Olympian plain lay embowered among the sacred forests of Zeus, where rose his temple, shrines and statues, and the statues of heroes and olive-crowned victors, while a river sparkled like morning dew through the glowing verdure. For five days and nights that plain was transformed into a gorgeous moving picture, in which racing steeds and young athletes

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“lived out as it were the paintings and sculpture of Hellas.”

The only prize awarded was a crown made of wild olive plucked from the sacred tree which was planted by Heracles near by the temple of Zeus. The garland was placed on the victor’s head and it gave to him deathless fame and glory. A palm branch was thrust in his hand, his name was proclaimed aloud to assembled Hellas, and some poet recited a beautiful ode in his praise.

Once at the Olympic games Alcibiades, an Athenian statesman and general, entered seven four-horse chariots in the races and won three of the prizes. Euripides, one of the greatest Greek dramatists, wrote charming lines about the victory, and so delighted was Alcibiades that he sacrificed to great Zeus, then feasted the countless throngs at the festival.

A princess of Sparta was the first woman of

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Hellas to win renown in the games. She was a victor in a four-horse chariot race, and the Spartans celebrated her triumph with all possible splendor. Those men of Sparta, who cared little for the charms of poetry, paid a fabulous sum to a poet to record her victory in verse, and they erected a magnificent monument in her honor. The princess sent a chariot and charioteer as an offering to Apollo at Delphi.

About seven hundred years before the Christian era, the Hellenes began to reckon time by Olympiads. An Olympiad meant the interval of four years which elapsed between the festivals. Henceforward they were counted successively, and when speaking of any event the Hellenes would say it happened in the first, second, third or fourth year of a certain Olympiad. The counting of time by Olympiads marked the close of the Heroic or Homeric Age.

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### ORACLES

THE Hellenes feasted their gods with the smoke and spicy scent of burnt offerings and gladdened their senses with music and mirth and the strength of their athletes. In return, they believed that their gods talked to them through the strange sights and sounds about them—the flash of lightning, sudden winds, the eclipses of the sun and moon, the flight of birds and the actions of an animal when led to sacrifice.

And there were wonderful spots in Hellas where great gods made known their wills to the Hellenes, uttered their prophecies and answered all questions asked them. Those sacred places were called oracles, and the responses of the gods given therein were called oracles, too. The most renowned of all were the ancient one of Zeus at Dedona and that of

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Apollo at Delphi. As with all other things connected with the religion of Hellas, many fanciful legends clustered about each beloved place.

Dodona was a town in the midst of the oak forests of Epirus in Thessaly. There in those fragrant groves the oaks were sacred to Zeus. He made known his will through the rustling leaves and the cooing of sacred doves. Listening priests caught their messages and gave them to the many Hellenes who sought the deep-wooded shrine. The forests of sacred oaks with their rustling leaves, cooing doves, listening priests and messages, were known as the oracle of Zeus at Dodona.

One of the fanciful legends which clustered about the temple at Delphi said that once Apollo went faring his way over the earth, seeking a shaded haunt in which to establish his shrine and oracle. In a cliff-hung dell

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close by snowy Parnassus, lived the terrible Python, a many-headed serpent that was born of the slime of the flood. And by a fair-sailing stream in that dell, the archer prince let fly a golden arrow which smote unto death the reptile. Straightway, on that very spot, the god laid out the foundations and bade the sons of man build up a beautiful temple where he might speak forth his wisdom and counsel. The temple was builded and near by sprung up the rich city of Delphi. In the midst of the shrine was an opening in the ground from which arose vapors, supposed to be the divine breath of the far-darting Apollo. Over the fissure on a jeweled tripod sat a fair young priestess inhaling the misty vapors, and receiving prophetic messages from the god of the temple. Attending priests put the answers in verse and gave them out to the inquiring Hellenes. So famous and beloved was the

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oracle of Delphi that the Hellenes never founded a colony, declared war or made peace, without consulting golden Apollo. Not alone for the Hellenes was the oracle of Delphi. Emperors, kings, princes, nobles and warriors from all parts of the civilized world journeyed to Delphi with their costly offerings, to seek advice and wisdom. The Delphian temple was a magnificent storehouse of wealth, statues and vessels of gold and of silver.

## THE CITY-STATES

THE city-states of Hellas were the most interesting feature of her life and government. In their history we read the rise and downfall of Greece.

The sea and mountains divide the peninsula into Northern, Central and Southern Greece.

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Mountains and streams again divide these parts into smaller districts, which form natural states. As it is now, so it was in the lost, ancient days. There was a Northern, Central and Southern Hellas, each divided into districts or states.

Northern Hellas consisted of Thessaly and Epirus. On the northern edge of Thessaly was the vale of Tempe, a shaded, flowery glen or opening in the mountains, and the only pass from the North into the state.

Leading from Thessaly into Central Hellas was a mountain pass called Thermopolæ. It was a narrow defile or road, pressed between the mountains and sea. Once Thermopolæ played a mighty part in the history of Hellas.

Central Hellas was made up of eleven states, the chief of which was Attica, whose capital was beautiful Athens. Southern Hellas was called Peloponnesus, and also contained

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eleven states. The principal one was Laconia with its city of Sparta.

Each state of Hellas was dotted with valleys that were the grassy kingdoms wherein the wandering Hellenes built their hill-forts and walled towns. We already know that in the Heroic Age many of those walled towns had grown to be city-states, and were strongholds of sceptered kings and nobles. During Homer's time the city-states of Hellas were almost numberless. It is said that many a king could sit in his castle that was perched on a hilltop and overlook all of his kingdom which, perhaps, was but the valley of some brook.

With the Hellenes, the city meant not only the walled town with its acropolis, temples, colonnades and dwellings but it included the surrounding valley, with its towns, vineyards, orchards and villages, all of which were within the city limits and under the control of the

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city. Hence we call the cities of Hellas city-states. Each was a miniature nation or state, with its own laws, government, legends, art, manners and customs. Each city was thought to be sacred to some god or goddess, who loved and protected it and helped fight its battles, while the people set apart festival days for some special form of worship and built temples and images for their protecting deity.

All the people of Hellas called themselves Hellenes; they worshipped the same god, spoke the same language, and met in the great Olympic games. And those things formed a common bond of union among them. But the love and patriotism of a Hellen, or old Greek, was not for Hellas, but for his own city-state. He gladly sacrificed wealth, home, wife, children and his own life to further its glory.

That intense love and patriotism, together with the fact that they were separated by

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mountains and water and had each a protecting god, with its own special form of worship, kept the states of Hellas from uniting into one splendid country.

Some of the neighboring cities did form leagues or unions to promote commerce, pleasure and religious worship, and sometimes during war, a few united and acknowledged the strongest leader in battle. But despite the leagues of cities and the common bond of race, religion, language and games, the city-state was supreme, both on the peninsula and in the Hellenic colonies over the seas.

Those city-states gave a richness and variety of life to Hellas that no other land has enjoyed. Through them she obtained a golden age of beauty and splendor, and through their ambitions, quarrels and wars, Hellas finally lost her place among nations.

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### ATHENS AND SOLON

**BEAUTIFUL** Athens in Attica, three or four miles from the sea, was always the most delightful and attractive city of Hellas.

Every nook and cranny of Athens, from the Acropolis down to the plain, had a wealth of legends about it. She was ever a theme for the poets, who described her as "brilliant and violet-crowned," and called her the Mother of Arts and Eloquence.

The story said that Cecrops, a serpent-tailed man who sprang from the soil, was the founder and first king of the city. He laid the foundation and built his castle on the summit of a flat-topped rock called the Acropolis. The rock is made of violet-hued limestone, and rises in abrupt cliffs and terraces, nearly two hundred feet from the earth and is one thousand feet long and half as many feet broad.

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High on that natural stronghold, overlooking the plains of Attica, Cecrops builded his city and named it Cecropia. He put walls all about it and a long flight of steps led up to the gates.

During his reign the gods divided the cities of Hellas among them. Poseidon and Athens both chose Cecropia, and quarreled about it. Great Zeus called the gods in counsel, who agreed to give the city to the god who would present the best gift to the people. The contest took place on the Acropolis. Poseidon struck the rock with his trident and the first horse of earth sprang forth. How fleet, strong and handsome it was, and how useful it has been to all people! Blue-eyed Athena stretched forth her hand and an olive tree grew on the rock and the goddess explained all its uses to man. The gods gave the city to Athena, who named it Athens and called the

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people Athenians. The Athenians built her a temple on the Acropolis, enshrining her image, that was always the most sacred treasure of Athens.

Cecrops gathered the people of Attica into twelve walled towns, each with its own petty king, while he was lord over all. But Theseus, a later king and hero, united the twelve kingdoms into one grand state and made Athens the seat of government. Henceforth, all the most distant parts of Attica were part of the city. In the course of the centuries the dwellings were removed from the Acropolis and a town without walls was built below. The Acropolis was left free for altars, temples and magnificent works of art, and for centuries it remained the citadel of the city.

Once there was a wonderfully wise man in Athens. His name was Solon. He was so clever and good that the world reckons him as

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one of the sages of Greece. He was a poet, statesman and warrior. And when all Athens was troubled, when the poor people were being sold into slavery, and war-clouds were gathering, the city chose Solon to be their ruler and law-giver. Solon gave a grand set of laws to the people. He wrote them on wooden tables that could be turned about in the cases that held them and they were kept upon the Acropolis. The men of the counsel all solemnly swore to observe them, and each man took an oath that if he broke one of the laws he would put a statue of gold the same weight as himself in the temple at Delphi. The laws abolished all the existing evils; they gave the people of Athens the right to choose their own rules or archon, freed the poor men who had been sold into slavery, and gave them the right to vote. One of the wisest laws regarded laziness as a crime, and required every boy of

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Athens to be made skilful in some useful trade and to be taught how to read and to swim. Solon's laws regulated all things in the city—the raising of bees, the digging of wells, the planting of trees and how many clothes the sweet bride should have in her wedding outfit. They forbade a lady going out late in the evening except in her carriage and preceded by a torch-bearer.

Athens grew to be a great and wonderful city, and her people gave Solon much of the honor and glory. History regards him as one of the great law-givers of earth.

## SPARTA AND LYCURGUS

SPARTA was founded by the descendants of Heracles and was built in a valley among the many-caverned hills of Laconia. She was the one city of Hellas that was made without walls

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or a citadel, and she scorned every defense save the might and power of her warriors.

Athens and Sparta were the most renowned and interesting cities of Hellas, and from the very first they were rivals. But no two cities of earth could have been more widely different. Athens was attractive and artistic, and Sparta was stern and defiant. Athens made Attica part of the city and all the people Athenians, while Sparta held in subjection the state of Laconia, and only the people who lived in the city were Spartans. All others were slaves and dependents.

The strange manners and customs that made Sparta unlike other cities were due to the laws which were given to the Spartans by a great law-giver named Lycurgus. There are many stories about Lycurgus, and one of them says that he received his wonderful laws from the oracle of Delphi, with the assurance that

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Sparta would be a glorious city as long as she kept every one of the laws.

Lycurgus hastened to Sparta where he taught and established the laws among the people. Remembering the prophecy of the oracle, he thought of a plan whereby the laws would be kept and Sparta ever remain a glorious city. He called the people together in one vast assembly and, telling them that he was going away on a pilgrimage, Lycurgus persuaded the Spartans to swear a solemn oath that they would keep every law until he returned. Then the great-hearted Lycurgus went away into exile, forever.

The people kept their oath sacredly and of course they watched in vain for Lycurgus. The Spartans thought of him not only as a law-giver, but as a hero and a god. They builded him a temple and offered sacrifices in his honor. For nearly five centuries the laws

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remained unbroken, and Sparta, governed by two kings, was a great and unique city.

The chief object of the laws of Lycurgus was to make a brave and vigorous race of men and women. Every babe of Sparta was taken before the Senate of Elders, and if it were ill-formed or weakly, the child was exposed on some mountain to die. But if the babe were well-formed and strong, it was permitted to live and grow up a Spartan.

The boys and girls were required to keep their bodies strong and healthy, by exercising in the open, and the girls of that city were as hardy, lithe, and fleet of foot as the boys.

When the boys were seven years old they were taken away from their mothers and became the property of the city. They lived in little bands or companies, and slept together on beds of rushes which they gathered with their bare hands. In the winter they made

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their beds warmer by adding thistledown to the rushes. They wore no shoes or stockings, their heads were shaved, they were allowed but one coat a year, and they wore the same amount of clothing both in summer and winter. Public trainers taught them a little reading and writing, and some war-stirring poetry and music. They were taught to obey every Spartan as they did their fathers, and to endure pain and hunger without flinching. Once a year they were taken into the temple of Artemis and severely flogged, to see how much pain they could endure. Many a boy of Sparta fell dead before the statue of the goddess, rather than to cry out with pain in her presence.

There were no rich or poor in Sparta. The land was divided equally among the citizens, and a Spartan's only claims to nobility were his virtue and valor. As to the money, no one

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cared for it, and really, all disdained to possess the queer, clumsy stuff, made of iron, and so heavy that anything like a fortune would have required oxen to move it. The neighboring cities laughed at the sight of iron money and refused to trade with the Spartans. Hence they had no commerce, and the people were forced to make all articles necessary for their frugal ways of living.

The men of Sparta were warriors and performed no sort of labor. They ate at public tables, and were rarely permitted to eat or mingle with their families. Each man was required to furnish a share of the food, which was plain and simple—a black broth being the national dish of Sparta. Once a luxury-loving man of Athens was a guest at one of their tables, and when he saw the coarse fare he laughingly remarked that he could see why a Spartan was so willing to die in battle.

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The Spartans loved war, for then their stern discipline was relaxed and every meal was a feast. They could wear handsome clothes or flashing armor and could curl their hair beautifully—every Spartan tried to have a fine head of hair, for Lycurgus had taught that such an ornament made a good face better looking and added a sort of grim terror to an ugly one. The Spartans went into battle in perfect ranks, but all were dancing, keeping step to the music, and acting like young race-horses, eager to dash away on some race-course.

And how brave and heroic were the Spartan mothers! They gayly sent their sons away to war, saying as they did so: "My son, return with your shield, or upon it." Writers say that those mothers wept when their sons were all slain and they had no more to die fighting for Sparta.



# THE GREAT PERSIAN WARS



## A GREAT NATIONAL DANGER

MORE than a thousand years had passed since the Hellenes, fierce and warlike, had come over the mountains down through the fair vale of Tempe, and won the sunny peninsula from the Pelasgians.

We remember that Hellas was the prize of a fierce, primitive war that was fought with pikes, bows and arrows and other rude weapons—a war all unheralded to the world, unsung by the poets, unwritten in history, and forgotten by the Hellenes long before the Tribal days ended. But mighty changes had been wrought in Hellas during the thousand intervening years.

Long gone was the Tribal Age with its wandering barbarism; and gone was the Heroic Age, with its sceptered kings, beautiful queens and glittering palaces, fast-locked in

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the tombs and the centuries. The Hellenes of those days had gone forth and met the civilization and culture of the East. They mingled it with their own thought and energy and the songs of the poets, and out of it all arose Greek or Hellenic civilization and culture that spread throughout Hellas and ushered in new ages of life and of progress. Following the golden path of the sun, the Hellenes carried their civilization and culture westward into Sicily and Italy. A Greek poet called the many cities of Sicily a “gorgeous crown of citadels.” Southern Italy was called Great Greece, and there in the land of the famed Seven Hills was the Spartan city of Tarentum, noted for its wealth and refinement.

As the glorious rays of the sun fall to the north and the south, so did Greek colonization and power spread northward and southward.

Hellas no longer meant just the peninsula

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that the Hellenes had won from the Pelasgians, but Hellas included all the wonderful, beautiful cities she had founded on the islands and on the coasts of other lands to the East, West, North and South.

We know that all the people of Hellas were Hellenes, who spoke the same language, worshipped the same gods, and met in the Olympic games. But they were not a united people. They had no great ruler, no navy and standing army, no national treasury and no national law-making body.

And now a great national danger threatened them; fierce war-clouds were fast gathering in the east, and the doom of lovely Hellas seemed near.

Persia, the ancient and glorious heir of the Orient, had set out to conquer the world. Turning her greedy eyes westward, she saw Greek civilization and culture, and deter-

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mined to blot them out for ever from the face of the earth, then march on into Europe and establish her empire. Right well did she know that the Hellenes were brave and fearless, skilled in all the highest arts of war and eager to give their lives for their cities. "But what are those things," thought great King Darius, "compared with the vast countless armies, the magnificent fleets and the fabulous wealth of the Orient? Will not the very advance of the Persian hosts frighten all Europe into submission?"

How little the king of the East knew the sons of Athens and Sparta! He never dreamed that Miltiades, Themistocles and Leonidas, valiant leaders and heroes in battle, could take but a few handfuls of brave Hellenes and put to rout all the dreams of the Orient.

With the swelling pride of the conqueror,

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he sent his heralds into every city of Hellas, demanding earth and water as tokens of submission. Through fear, some of the weaker states yielded, but not beautiful Athens and grim Sparta. They threw the king's heralds into a pit and a well, and sneeringly bade them take their fill of earth and water. What a defiant challenge to Persia, and how like these cities!

## MILTIADES AT MARATHON

FOR the first time in her history, Hellas was in deadly peril. If she had been a nation united under one ruler, every Hellene would have been singing her war-songs. She would have issued a call to war and battleships would have gone forth to meet the Persians.

But Hellas was not united. She had no battleships and armies and she had no national

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war-songs. Every Hellene, you know, sang the war-songs of his own little city. But the time had come for union; if Greek civilization and Greek culture were to be saved for the world, the city-states must unite against the Eastern invaders.

King Darius had issued a decree that Athens must be destroyed. That decree sounded like a death knell to the city. The Athenians were stunned and amazed. They knew that the vast Persian armies would soon pour in upon them; but they resolved then and there that Athens should not be destroyed. Sparta was one hundred and fifty miles from Athens; and Phidippides, a fleet runner, ran all the distance in thirty-six hours, to ask the Spartans to help save the city. Because of some festival, the Spartans refused, but promised their aid later. Once Athens had aided Plataea. The city remembered the service

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and sent one thousand heavily armed Plataeans to Athens. Miltiades had gathered nine thousand Athenians, and with the one thousand men from Plataea, they marched away from the city and hid in the mountains that border the plains of Marathon.

Six hundred Persian Triremes had sailed into the Bay of Marathon and landed a mighty army of one hundred twenty thousand men, who were advancing on Athens. Suddenly Miltiades and his ten thousand men rushed out upon them like some furious tempest. Under the fierce onslaught of that handful of Hellenes, the Persians fled to the sea and their boats. Before they could tumble into their galleys and push off, the brave Hellenes were upon them again. Terrible tumult and battle ensued on the shore. Some of the Hellenes held back the boats with their hands while the others did the fighting. One brave

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fellow, the brother of one of the greatest Greek poets, was trying to hold a galley when a Persian battle axe whacked off his hands. Quick as thought he clung to the sides of the boat with his teeth. Did you ever hear of such wonderful heroism? At last the six hundred Persian vessels pulled away from the Hellenes and sailed out of the bay—but not the hundred and twenty thousand men. Six thousand brave fellows lay dead on the sands of the plain; Miltiades lost but two hundred.

Athens had been left defenseless; alone with her aged men, women and children. Miltiades saw that the fleeing Persians were pulling their oars for her walls. Without a moment's delay he gathered his victorious army and forced them to run back to Athens—twenty miles through the August sunshine and heat. Just as they swept breathless into the plain south of the city, six hundred Persian ships

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touched the shore. You may guess how surprised were those Persians. They could scarcely believe their eyes when they saw Miltiades and the same dauntless army that had a few hours before put them to flight. But there they were, drawn up for battle, their armor and swords flashing in the golden sunlight.

The men of the Orient gazed in wonder and awe; then, struck with a sudden fear and terror, they turned their galleys about and sailed away to Asia.

Miltiades had won deathless fame, and all Athens was wild with the joy of the victory. They thought the Persians had sailed away from their shores for ever and that King Darius would never again dare to advance on Europe.

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### THE ELOQUENCE OF THEMISTOCLES

THEMISTOCLES was one of the heroes who helped win the victory at Marathon. He, too, was proud and triumphant and joined with the people in singing their wild songs of joy and in their offerings and hymns to the gods.

But Themistocles did not join them in saying that the Persians had sailed away for ever. He was too clever and cunning for that. Right well did he know that King Darius would never bow to such defeat and dishonor, but that hot with hate and revenge he would again advance on Europe.

He was a statesman and an eloquent orator and soon convinced the Athenians that all was not over, and caused them to build a strong fleet and harbor and prepare for a second con-

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flict with the Persians. The far-seeing statesman of Athens was right in his guessing. Even then all the Orient was in a tumult of preparation for a second conflict with Hellas.

King Darius was dead. King Xerxes, his son, was young, proud and ambitious and was carrying on the great work begun by his father. He was collecting such an army and fleet as the world had never before seen, and building a canal across the isthmus at Mount Athos. Architects from Egypt and Phœnicia were spanning the Hellespont with a splendid double bridge of boats, and that was to be the royal roadway into Europe.

Hellas knew what Xerxes was doing and was in a ferment of action. The eloquence of Themistocles had persuaded Athens and Sparta and many of the city-states to meet in a congress at Corinth, and unite against the incoming barbarians. In that congress, in-

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spired by Themistocles, the assembled states declared all their own petty quarrels and jealousies over and bound themselves together to fight for Hellas. They further pledged that when the struggle with the East was over, they would make war upon every state of Hellas that in any way helped the Persians. The congress agreed to give one-tenth of all the spoils of the warfare to their beloved Oracle at Delphi. Sparta was acknowledged supreme and given command of the army and navy. Then the Hellenes decided that Leonidas, king of Sparta, in command of all the land forces, should take his stand at Thermopylæ and try to check the advancing army, while the fleet, under a Spartan admiral and Themistocles, was to go to the coast and meet the naval forces of Xerxes.

In the midst of it all a terrible storm tore away the splendid double bridge of boats over

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the Hellespont. When the news was taken to King Xerxes, he was so angry that he ordered the architects from Egypt and Phœnicia to be put to death, and the sea to be bound in fetters and beaten. Then other architects built a stronger and larger bridge and Persia was ready for Hellas.

### LEONIDAS AT THERMOPYLAE

ONE morning in spring, ten years after they had fled from Marathon, the Persians began their second advance on Hellas.

What a thrilling and gorgeous pageant was seen on the shores of the Hellespont! The world had never before nor has never since seen such a brilliant spectacle. Xerxes had gathered all the power, strength, glory and splendor of the Orient into vast countless armies and fleets. They were now going forth

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for a final, desperate struggle between the East and the West. And the King was going with them. He was taking a silver-footed, jeweled throne, whereon he might sit and watch the glorious conflict. Xerxes looked splendid in his robes of state, and he was attended by a body-guard of ten thousand flower-crowned men, known in history as the Ten Thousand Immortals. The double bridge of boats had been strewn with myrtle and roses, and perfumed from golden censers. The great king himself had poured libations into the sea. Just as the great burnished sun car flashed through the gates of the morning, Xerxes and his army offered their prayers, then began to pass over the Hellespont into Europe. They were seven days and nights passing over the bridge. All the while twelve hundred Persian triremes and three thousand smaller boats were sailing through the waters westward to Hellas.

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Think of it, children. All that magnificent army of nearly two million men poured over the mountains, down through the fair Vale of Tempe, into Thessaly. All lovely Hellas was thrilling and shaking under the tread of the invaders.

The Hellenes were at the Olympic Games. Despite the terrible danger, they would not forego their festival. But they sent Leonidas with seven thousand men to guard the pass at Thermopylæ. Among those men were three hundred Spartans. That little band was ordered to keep back the enemy until the games were over, then the other Hellenes would hasten to help them.

There in that narrow road, hemmed in by the mountains and sea, Leonidas and his seven thousand men took their stand. They had only spears for weapons. Before them stretched the plains of Thessaly that were filled with the

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hordes of the Orient. These hordes were making their way to Athens and must pass through that narrow defile. Leonidas and his men barred the entrance. To be sure, there was a secret path over the mountains, but of course the Persians knew nothing about it. Xerxes commanded the men to surrender their arms. Leonidas sent back the words, "Come and take them."

For two days Leonidas, with seven thousand men, kept back Xerxes, with his hundreds of thousands. It is said that the King of the East would leap from his throne and scream out with rage when he saw some splendid charge of his army hurled back.

But, alas! On the third day a traitor pointed out that secret path to the king. Hundreds of Persians were scaling the mountain and would soon pour into the pass from the rear. Leonidas knew all was over. There was plenty of

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time to escape, and most of the Hellenes fled for their lives. But Leonidas, his three hundred Spartans, and one thousand other Hellenes scorned to be cowards. It was their duty to die. They stepped boldly out among the Persians, and every man fell gloriously fighting.

Leonidas and his brave men won eternal glory, and all the world has heard of Thermopylæ.

## THE BURNING OF ATHENS

THE Persians passed through the narrow defile at Thermopylæ and swept on toward the plains of Attica. They were advancing on “brilliant and violet-crowned” Athens.

Themistocles was out on the waters with the Hellenic fleet. Through his skill and daring that fleet had already met and destroyed

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some of the Persian galleys. When he heard of Thermopylæ and the enemy's advance on his beloved city, Themistocles hurried the fleet into the bay of Salamis—a narrow stretch of water between the island of Salamis and the shores of Attica. He hastened into the town and told the Athenians to take to their boats and fly to Salamis. The people refused to desert their city, with its temples, statues and holy places; they preferred to trust to their deeds of prowess and meet and fight the enemy at home.

Somehow, the people of Athens were not very much afraid of the Persians. They remembered how, ten years before, a great Eastern army had fled from their shores at the sight of Miltiades and ten thousand hot, breathless Athenians.

Themistocles knew their grave danger. He urged them to go to Salamis, but all his plead-

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ing was vain. He was almost in despair when a happy thought struck him. He would go to the temple at Delphi and talk with the priestess. Right well did he know that the Athenians would believe and obey any message sent them by their oracle. The cunning man rushed away to Delphi and asked the oracle what the Athenians must do to save themselves. The answer was, "When everything else fails in Athens, the people must defend themselves with walls of wood." He rushed back with the message. The people were all excited and could not think what "walls of wood" meant. There was one among them who knew, and that was Themistocles. He stood up and said, "Oh, ye Athenians, Golden Apollo means to tell us that our ships have wooden walls that are even now waiting to defend us." The people were delighted and accepted the oracle. They wondered at

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the wisdom of Themistocles and made his word law among them. Do you not think he was very clever? All were now eager to take to the boats and fly to Salamis. Cimon, the son of Miltiades, went up to the Acropolis and hung his bridle in the temple of Athene, to show that seamen, not horsemen, were needed in Hellas. They tenderly carried the sacred statue of the temple, and with their arms and their shields and their treasures, the people of Athens formed in solemn procession and marched out of the city down to the sea.

All the men who could fight crowded into boats and sailed away to join the fleet at Salamis. The women, children, slaves and old men were taken to a city out on the island. There the people received them kindly and treated them like invited guests. They provided school masters for the children and told them to pluck their fruit and their flowers.

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Thus “brilliant and violet-crowned” Athens was deserted. Her last hope was taken away with the sacred statue of Athene. The gates of the Acropolis had scarcely swung close and the last boat pushed out from the shore, when the Persian host swung into view.

The approaching army was hot with hate and revenge. Years before the Athenians had accidentally burned Sardis, a beautiful city of Persia. The Persians had neither forgotten nor forgiven the injury. There was the despised city of the Athenians, alone and at their mercy. With a yell of triumph, they swept through the town and up to the Acropolis. They ravaged the holy places and tore down the splendid temples. Then they set fire to Athens. How they shouted and danced when they saw the proud city burning!

Across the bay, at Salamis, the Athenians

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saw the smoke and the flames, and wept bitter tears of sorrow.

### THE FLIGHT OF XERXES

OUT in the bay of Salamis all was thrilling confusion. The great naval forces of Persia and the naval forces of Hellas were to meet in a deadly conflict.

In the early dawn of a September morning the vast countless armies of Xerxes had gathered on the shores of Attica, eager to watch the battle. They were still gloating over the burning of Athens, and were sure that their seamen would carry the day. Princes stood about on the sands, and secretaries were waiting to write down every detail of the story. Xerxes had his silver-footed throne placed high on a cliff, that he might view every glorious move of his splendid galleys. Some beau-

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tiful queen of the Orient commanded one of those galleys. She begged him not to engage in the fight, for his clumsy vessels would have no chance in the narrow channel. The Eastern monarch laughed with fine scorn and said that his triremes would have every advantage.

Across on the shores of Salamis were throngs of the islanders and the Athenian men, women, children and slaves who had taken refuge among them. They crowded the strands and the hill-tops, eagerly awaiting the conflict, and were trusting their gods and brave seamen to save their lovely land from the Persians.

In the bay, the fleets lay ready for battle. Three hundred sixty-six war vessels of Hellas were surrounded by one thousand triremes of Persia. The crafty Themistocles had planned it all. He tricked the king of the Orient into fighting in that narrow stretch of waters, and

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was even delaying the fight till the breezes of morning could blow in the breakers, which he knew that would make the king's vessels hard to manage. The ships drew near to each other and the struggle began. It was one of the fiercest battles ever fought in the waters of earth. The Persian galleys were high, heavy and clumsy, and the breezes and breakers were against them. The vessels of Hellas were light, graceful and speedy, and had big brazen prows that rammed into the clumsy triremes, dealing death and disaster.

The king looked down from his throne and saw the awful destruction. He saw the beautiful queen in her galley do daring deeds of valor, and wished that his men were all women. Before the day closed the seamen of Hellas defeated and put to flight the magnificent fleet of the Orient.

Seized with sudden panic and fear, Xerxes

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and his vast, countless armies fled from the shores. The craven cowards took their flight over the same way they had come—through the pass at Thermopylæ, up through the fair Vale of Tempe, and poured over the mountains toward the Hellespont. Their double bridge of boats was broken and gone, but the fleeing galleys were waiting for them. Xerxes and his hordes of invaders crowded into the defeated triremes and sailed away forever to Asia, leaving the silver-footed throne high on a cliff in Attica.

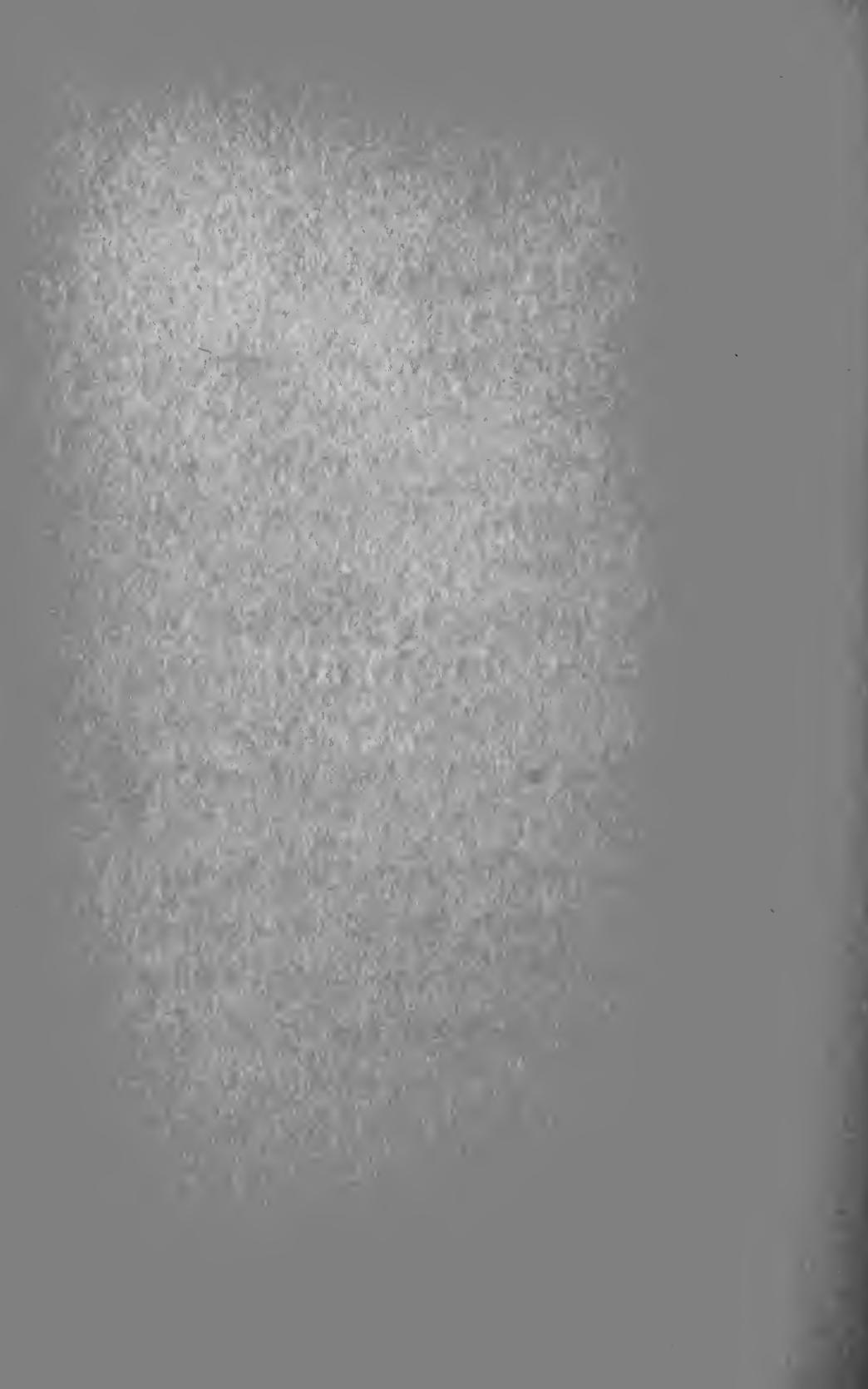
The dreams of the Orient were shattered. A few handfuls of brave soldiers and seamen, led by Miltiades, Leonidas and Themistocles, had put an end to the struggle between the East and the West.

On the shores of Salamis, the Hellenes held a festival of thanksgiving and rejoicing. Hymns were sung and prayers and sacrifices

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were offered to the gods. There were speeches, processions, choruses and feasting. Beautiful youths danced to the music of lyres, and poets recited exquisite poems in praise of Leonidas and his brave men who fell fighting at Thermopylæ. The Spartans invited Themistocles to be the guest of their city. There they crowned him with wild olive for his skillful management and presented him with a rare, costly chariot. When he departed three hundred young men escorted him to the borders of their state. When Themistocles appeared at the Olympic games, the people stood up, stared, and clapped their hands and treated him like a mighty hero.

# THE GOLDEN AGE



## A PROSPEROUS ERA

THE Battle of Marathon was fought and won four hundred ninety years before the Christ Child was born. The century and a half that followed that victory was the Golden Classic Age of Hellas.

The glow and enthusiasm of her great national danger and victories were pulsing through the veins of all Hellas. Straightway she leaped to the heights of her fame and her glory.

The freedom and culture that had begun in her city-states reached almost glorious perfection and for the first time in history, Hellas showed to the world true democratic government and freedom—"a government by the people, for the people and of the people."

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Freedom is a priceless heritage, the most precious that a nation can offer her people. It is only when men are free that their minds and souls can grow and expand, and produce lasting works of art and literature.

Hellas had been trampled by the hordes of Eastern invaders. Her sacred shrines and temples were pillaged. Beautiful Athens was in ashes. But the Hellenes were proud and triumphant. They were free, and fired with love for the gods and their cities. Poets and artists by nature, they felt the divine call to action and glory.

Their land was a store-house of wealth and inspiration. It opened to them like the glittering caves of Alladin. There were the myths and legends, the magnificent conceptions of the gods and goddesses, and the splendid young forms of athletes, with their crowns of wild olive, all waiting to be expressed in

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marble and color. Hellas had quarries of exquisite marble for her statues, colonnades and temples, and all the colors of sunset flashed through her language.

Some great scholar has said that at no other time, in no other land, and by no other people could the glorious things have been attained that the Hellenes attained in Hellas.

Out of the marble the artists chiseled marvelous beauty, and out of the language the poets and writers wrought a literature that has charmed all ages. The statesmen and orators, artists and scholars fashioned and gave to the world a new Hellas—a Hellas built up of freedom, eloquence, marbled beauty, song and philosophy. For one golden century and a half, the Hellenes reveled in the freedom and culture, poetry and song for which their lovely flower-jeweled land was destined.

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### A TYPICAL GREEK HOUSE

IN the rude tribal age, the people of Hellas lived in their tiny round huts made of clay and brush, or wandered about, sleeping in leafy woodland covers. They knew no better and were care free and happy. But time and the Hellenes made many changes.

The Heroic Age found them living in glittering palaces with courts and gardens and great glistening gates. Those, too, passed away with the centuries that brought different ages of home life and manners.

The classic Golden Age was splendid with public buildings, temples, colonnades and sculpture. It was really an age of public life, thought and feeling. The men of Hellas would spend fabulous sums to adorn their cities with marble and ivory, and to build shaded, flowery haunts for the philosophers

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and poets. But those same men were content to live in simple one-storied houses. You see there were millions of slaves and dependents who did the labor and work of the cities, thus leaving the citizens free to engage in politics, religion, art, philosophy and athletic sports. They met their friends in the agoras, colonnades, gymnasia, games and public assemblies, and they thought of their homes as charming retreats in which to seclude their families, to sleep, and to give evening dinner-parties to their chosen men friends.

The typical Greek house of that age was built around an open court, from which it obtained the air and sunlight. Thus, you see, it had no pretty terraced lawns, with walks and flowers, and no cool, inviting porches with wide doors and windows. The front of that house uprose like a blank wall, and was whitewashed, tinted or covered with stucco.

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The door opened into a narrow passage, beside which was a tiny room for the porter—a slave—who answered the knocker and admitted the visitors. He was usually attended by his faithful dog, that wagged his tail gaily when his master beamed and smiled upon some welcome guest. Plutarch, a noted writer, says that the Greeks had “knockers to rattle on the doors, so that the stranger might not catch the mistress in the open, nor the unmarried daughter, nor a slave being chastised, nor the servant girl screaming.”

If the master of the house owned a horse, it was kept in a stall on the opposite side of the passage. Do you not think that the Hellenes had some very queer ways of home-making?

The passage led into the court, which was a square or patch of yard, open to the blue sky above and with a mosaic floor patterned like a rug in the center. The court was the recep-

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tion-room, sitting-room and family dining-room. Pet birds and animals, flitted and whisked about, and in the middle stood an altar, where the father, surrounded by the family and slaves, offered the household prayers and sacrifices. Running around the four sides of the porch was a covered colonnade, supported by marble or stone pillars. There the family and guests sat and talked and took their morning constitutionals.

Enclosing the court was the house, the rooms of which opened into the court and could be entered in no other way. They were provided with both doors and curtains. On either hand were the men's quarters, bedrooms, guest-chambers, and the large dining-hall in which were held the dinner-parties and symposia. At the rear were the women's apartments, made private and secured by doors, beyond which the young ladies seldom

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appeared. Those apartments were made up of bedrooms, kitchen, and the storerooms where the female slaves worked and slept. Behind all was a garden with a door leading into it.

The house had a flat roof from which the women, children and hand-maidens sometimes viewed the sights and pageants of the city. There were no chimneys. In that sunny land, fires were rarely needed. When necessary they were made of wood or charcoal and carried about from room to room in handsome braziers, the smoke getting out the best that it could. The kitchen was provided with a fixed fireplace, with an opening or outlet for the smoke. The house had a bath, and water for all household purposes was supplied by a cistern or well, while waste water was carried away by a drain into the street.

The interior decorations were very simple—patterned, cement floors, plain walls and ceil-

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ings with ornaments of stucco and colored traceries. The furniture was scant, but it was light, graceful and artistic. The Greeks' exquisite sense of beauty showed in the elegant couches, beautifully inlaid tables and chairs and in lamps, baskets, vases, goblets and all sorts of gold and silver vessels which were for both use and ornament. Tables seldom were used except at meals or for the display of urns and goblets during some festive occasion. Even the writing was not done upon a table, but upon the right knee, which was elevated for the purpose.

The beds were frames of bronze or inlaid wood, with strips of leather or canvas stretched from side to side. Those thongs of leather or canvas took the place of our modern springs and were furnished with flock mattresses, pillows stuffed with feathers and purple-dyed coverlets made of wool or of skins.

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### **AGORAS—COLONNADES—GYMNASIA**

DO you not think that it would be very interesting and worth while to know something about the agoras, colonnades and gymnasia, where the men of classic Hellas met and mingled together, discussing religion, art, philosophy, and politics, or training their bodies in suppleness and strength?

Every city had its agora, which was an open square, surrounded by offices, shade-trees, colonnades, temples and statues. It was a general meeting-place for important gatherings, reviews and processions. One portion of the agora was the market-place, with many stalls and movable booths, and close at hand were shops where various commodities were sold. Anything could be obtained at the stalls and booths. The market was open until

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noonday, and with heaps of fish, fruits and vegetables, the noise, bustle, and cries of the venders it must have been very much like our own markets. Poor women cried their wares —homespun yarn and woven garlands of flowers,—but well-to-do ladies were rarely seen in the market-place, for the household marketing was done by the slaves or their masters. Thus the men usually spent a part of the morning in the agora and mingled with their friends as they lounged in the colonnades or walked in the shade of the plane-trees.

The colonnades were covered walks or lounging places, and some writer has called them “glorified verandas.” A colonnade consisted of a flat roof supported in front by rows of columns and by a wall at the back. Often the wall was run through the middle with a colonnade on each side; and sometimes instead of the walls there were interior rows of

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columns, which made a colonnade with pilastered aisles or walks. They were not only walks or lounging places, but were places of meeting for social conversation and scholarly discussion, and were sometimes used as halls and as courts of justice. On cool days fires were built in some of the cheaper ones in order that the poor and unemployed of the city might have the pleasure of conversing together. Many of the colonnades, especially of Athens, were picturesque and delightful retreats. They were constructed of marble and adorned with statues, shields and trophies of battle, the walls were painted to portray historic facts and legends and the edges of the roofs were made attractive with costly ornaments.

The gymnasia were the places set apart for the bodily training upon which the Hellenes set so much store. They were grounds, parts of which were shaded, while the other parts

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were great open spaces for running, leaping, jumping, wrestling, boxing, and throwing the discus and spear. About the arena were statues of gods, heroes, and victors in the great games; terraces, colonnades and rooms for purchasing, dressing and bathing. While the young men were actively engaged in the arena the older men looked down from the colonnades and terraces applauding their feats of strength, and telling tales of their own youthful days; or wandering under the plane-trees talking with some philosopher.

## THE GREEK MAID

WHEN the classic maid was a wee baby girl, a fillet of snowy wood was hung on the outer door, an emblem that she would grow up pure and lovely, skilled in the arts of spinning and

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weaving, which were so dear to the heart of the blue-eyed Athene.

Her first and only party was given when she was ten days old and it was for the purpose of naming her. The guests were her kinsmen who wore their handsomest robes and gave gifts to both mother and babe. The wee baby girl was carried by her nurse at a run three times round a blazing fire on the hearth, and all present offered prayers and a sacrifice to Hestia, the calm stately goddess of the hearth and home. A special cake was eaten by the guests and the daughter received her name. She was taken away and tenderly laid in her cradle, shaped like a shoe, which was hung up and swung to and fro by the nurse who sang a sleepy lullaby.

Her childhood was carefree and happy. Like a modern child she had an array of dolls and toys. She played in the court-yard chat-

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tering to the pet birds and animals, and swung in the colonnade. Her mother and nurse taught her the songs of the poets and took her up to the house top to view the processions in the streets. At mid-day, the tiny maid lunched with her parents in the court or when dinner was not for company she went in to dessert clambering on her father's couch or on her mother's lap.

As the maid of Hellas grew older her mother or a slave taught her reading, writing and a little music, and she learned the beautiful arts of spinning, weaving and working embroidery. She also learned plain sewing, cooking and how to manage all affairs of the household. Otherwise she received no education, for in those days the ideal career of a girl was: "To see as little as possible, to hear as little as possible, and to ask as few questions as possible."

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When she became a young lady she was rarely permitted to go beyond the middle door which separated the women's quarters from the court and only went abroad to take part in a religious festival or a funeral ceremony, or to visit a temple.

How graceful and pretty she looked as she went forth attended by slaves! She was clad in saffron-colored tunic and mantle embroidered with flowers, her feet were daintily shod in high boots, and her hair was drawn in soft curves into a knot at the back of her head and held in place by a net of gold threads. She carried a parasol, and a fan of peacock's feathers and wore bracelets and a necklace of gold.

There came a time in the early bloom of her life, when the classic maiden of Hellas was betrothed in marriage by her father to some man whom perhaps she had not even

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seen—so you see there was no pretty speech-making, no sending of flowers and no exchanging of gifts between them. A few days later was the wedding-day, when both houses offered prayers and sacrifices to Hera, Aphrodite, and Artemis, the goddesses who presided over marriage; and the outer door of each home was festooned with wreaths of fresh flowers, or branches of olive and laural.

In her apartment the bride sat on a settle holding a polished mirror in her hand and surrounded by her mother and hand maidens who were gayly arraying her for her bridal. Covered inlaid chests, stood open, piled with festal finery, and the room was filled with fragrance from rare perfumes. They brushed and coiled her luxuriant hair, fastening it with a golden coronal, and twining the thongs of the white embroidered slippers about the feet of their mistress. From an ivory casket the

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mother took pearls for her daughter's ears, a strand of jewels for her throat and exquisite serpent-shaped armlets to adorn her white arms. They robed her in trailing tunic and mantle of dazzling whiteness and fastened her veil with a golden pin and a wreath of delicate blossoms. She must have been pleased with herself when she took her final peep in the mirror.

When the rooms of the house were dusky with evening a chariot drawn by mules and surrounded by flute-players, and youths dressed in white, with wreaths of flowers on their heads drove up to the garlanded door. The carriage had come to carry the bride to the home of the bridegroom.

With his best man and his father the bridegroom entered the court. He wore a white tunic and mantle made of the finest wool of Miletus, half shoes with crimson thongs

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clasped with gold, and a chaplet of myrtle twigs and oderous violets.

Receiving the veiled bride from the hands of her mother, he escorted her to the carriage where he seated her between himself and his best man while they remained standing. Her mother and attendants kindled the marriage torches, and followed by the mother, the procession moved away amid merry songs and the music of flutes. They went through the streets to the home of the bridegroom where they were received with showers of confetti and coins.

All repaired at once to the marriage feast which was served in the dining hall. Near midnight the wedding cake was eaten and bevies of young girls sang the bridal song. Through it all the bride remained veiled, many of the guests, and perhaps the bridegroom having never seen her face.

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### THE BOY OF THE AGE

A BRANCH of olive hung on the outer door proclaimed that a boy was born in Hellas. His parents rejoiced and prayed their gods to make him so strong and heroic that one day he would wear a crown of wild olive plucked from the sacred grove of Zeus at Olympia.

If the boy were a Spartan babe he was first cradled on a shield to make him a fearless warrior; if a child of Athens, he was laid on a mantel sacred to Athena, and thereby dedicated to wisdom and warfare.

He, too, had a naming festival. It is interesting to know that the Greeks had no family names, a single name serving for an individual. But as many persons might bear the name chosen for the babe the father's name was appended to avoid confusion.

The little fellow swung to and fro in a

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hanging cradle while an old slave woman sung him lullabies and repeated charms to ward off the evil eye.

For seven years the boy lived in the women's quarters and played in the court with the other children. He had plenty of playthings: pet dogs, ducks, tortoises, and birds, whips, tops, balls, hoops, and toy carts. With his brothers or other boys he played duckstone, catching games, tug-of-war, blind-man's-buff, and a game somewhat like marbles, but played by pitching nuts into a hole.

When he was seven years old he was taken from his mothers and sisters and given over to a male slave, called his pedagogue, who watched over him, taught him manners and took him to and from school.

The pedagogue taught him to use his right hand for food, and his left hand for bread, to keep silence when his elders were present and

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to rise from his seat when they entered. The well-bred boy of that age did not lounge in his chair or sit cross-legged. When he walked through the streets he carried himself well and kept his eyes modestly fixed on the ground, speaking to no one, for his pedagogue with a long stick was always trudging behind. He carried the boy's books, writing tablets and musical instruments and remained at school from sunrise to sunset keeping close watch over his charge.

The school was not a public school or a boarding-school, for there were no such things. It was conducted by a school-master who received his pay from the fathers, whose boys attended. Some of the schools were elegantly furnished. With the exception of the near relations of the master, older persons were forbidden to enter the school during school-hours, under pain of death.

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As children are now-a-days, the Greek boy was taught to read and to write. For writing he first used a waxed tablet with a raised rim, and scratched in the stiffened wax with a pointed metal stylus "very much as if one wrote on thickly buttered bread with a small stiletto." Later he was given expensive papyrus (paper) and a split reed to be used as pen. When he could read and write well, he was taught to recite the sublime poems of Homer, to play the lyre beautifully, and to read, and know the lyric poets. His physical training was secured in the wrestling schools and he was taught to dance and to swim.

At sixteen the pedagogue was dispensed with and the youth entered a two years' course under different masters, who taught him rhetoric, general culture, feats of strength and riding.

When the boy was eighteen years old his

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education was complete and he was enrolled as a citizen. Wearing the regulation hat and mantle the young man of Hellas entered upon his military training and served his state for two years.

### A DINNER-PARTY OF ATHENS

THE men of Athens were the most clever and brilliant of the Hellenes. Among them were the poets, philosophers, artists and statesmen who really made the classic Golden Age of Hellas.

They were fond of study, amusement and argument. During the day they met in the public places to hear and discuss great and learned questions, and in the evening they usually attended a dinner and symposium given at the home of some friend.

The dinner was given by the man of the

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house and the invited guests were his chosen men friends whom he daily met in the agora, colonnades, groves and gymnasia. Often uninvited guests were present, but that made little difference to the host or to the rest of the company.

During the evening the women, pretty maidens and children, were banished to the female apartments. It was unfortunate for the men of Hellas that the exquisite, refining grace, charm, and beauty of lovely ladies were totally lacking in their society. Men and women rarely met socially. They only feasted together at weddings, and even then the beautiful ladies sat on chairs on the farther side of the room while the men reclined comfortably on sumptuous couches.

In the early morning, the host arose, bathed his hands and face and dressed for the street. A slave served his breakfast, which consisted

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of a few bits of bread dipped in wine. Then, attended by two slaves, he went to the market-place to purchase things for the dinner. How picturesque he looked as he slowly walked through the colonnades and under the plane-trees! He wore sandals and a neatly draped mantle and tunic. His head was bare and he carried a walking-stick.

He went among the stalls and bought costly foods for the banquet, and perfumes and chaplets of flowers for the guests. He engaged pretty flute-players, graceful dancing-girls, jugglers and tumblers to provide entertainment for the symposium. A special chef was employed to go to the home and prepare the food. You see, the family servants were not to cook those delicious viands. That hired chef had been trained in the high arts of cooking in Syracuse, a city of Sicily that was famous for its luxury and high living.

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The slaves carried the purchases home and the master sought his favorite haunts and friends.

The true Athenian gentleman cared little for the mere joys of eating and despised anything that bordered on excess. He demanded a small amount of delicious food served with an abundance of entertainment and sparkling conversation. A witty writer of the times said that a dinner-party of Athens was very pretty to look at, but was not made to satisfy hunger.

The large dining-hall of the home was aglow with lights from beautiful lamps placed on stands or swung by chains from the ceiling, and the air was heavy with perfumes that arose from burning braziers. On tables of elegant design was a dazzling array of silver goblets and bowls of various sizes, while about the room were the couches on which the guests were to recline. They were set in the form

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of a square and in the midst were flowers and a fountain in which tiny fishes swam and darted about.

Those couches were a marked feature of old Greek life. They were made of costly, inlaid wood or bronze, with feet of silver or ivory. Each couch was intended to accommodate two guests and was heaped with a luxurious mattress and many gay-striped pillows. For the party, slaves had spread embroidered tapes-tries over the mattresses.

The guests all walked to the dinner-party, for in that age walking was the approved mode of travel in Hellas, and seldom did people ride on horseback or in carriages. Each guest was attended by one or more slaves, who stood behind their masters throughout the evening. On arriving, they rattled the lion-head knocker and were admitted into the court. They found the doors wide open and

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youthful slaves in their high-girt chitons were waiting to usher them to the dining-room.

There they met the host, who welcomed them with smiles and glad words. He bade them sit on the couches while the slaves removed their neatly bound sandals and poured perfumed water and wine over their feet into silver basins. After their delightful foot baths the guests reclined gracefully among the cushions.

How handsome and careless they looked! They were fair-haired and blue-eyed, and all had a pretty fancy for self-adornment. Their hair, beards, and nails were faultlessly groomed and every gentleman among them wore at least one ring on his finger. Many of the gravest philosophers had loaded their fingers to the knuckles with costly jewels. All wore the typical Greek costume, which consisted of an under-tunic and an upper robe or

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mantle, both made of white woolen cloth. Some of the younger and more fashionable men wore pink, purple, red or black. The sleeveless tunic fell to the knees and was girdled at the waist with a rich, heavy cord. The other robe or mantle was a long piece of cloth that was adorned with gold fringe and tassels and a border of bright-colored embroidery. It was thrown over the left shoulder and draped about the body in such a way that it fell in loose, flowing folds, leaving the right arm and shoulder bare.

When the guests were in their places, slaves passed around with towels and silver vessels of sweet-scented water which they poured over the hands of the company. Would it not seem strange to have your hands washed at a dinner-party, and can you guess why those people did so?

They brought in small, prettily-made tables

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and placed one before each couch for the two persons who occupied it, while others followed with the savory dishes of viands which were served on the tables. There were oysters in the shell, fish, birds and eels, and vegetables that were dressed with a queer mixture of sauces, vinegar, oils and honey—prepared by the hired chef who had been trained in Syracuse. Bread of the finest quality was served in tiny baskets of woven ivory.

But think of it, children. There were no knives, forks or spoons, and no table-cloths or napkins. The food was simply taken up in the fingers, and pieces of bread hollowed out like spoons were used to aid the fingers in eating the soft foods and gravies. Some of those high-bred gentlemen were very neat and dainty in handling the food, and it is interesting to know that in order to pick up and hold piping hot viands, many of the diners had

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hardened their fingers at home by holding them in hot water, and sometimes for the same purpose they even wore gloves at a banquet. Portions of soft bread were used for wiping the fingers and were then thrown to the dogs. How shocking to think of dogs at a banquet! And it is even more shocking to know that the guests threw their shells, bones, crumbs and peelings on the carpetless floor.

Amidst lively wit and laughter, the merry feast went on. When the host saw that his guests would eat no more, he made a sign to the slaves, who again handed the towels and scented water among the company, while others carried out the tables and swept the fragments from the floor.

The guests were then perfumed and crowned with chaplets of violets, roses and myrtle and the pretty flute-girl entered the hall. A slave handed a golden bowl of wine to

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the host who poured out a libation as he spoke the words: "To good health," and a chant was sung to the notes of the flutes.

That being ended, the slaves brought in the tables, and the dessert, which consisted of salted almonds, fresh and dried fruits, cheese and Attic salt. Then followed what they called the symposium.

Slaves mixed perfumed wine and water in a handsome urn and cooled it with mountain snow. They filled a goblet for each guest, who poured out a libation to great Zeus; stories and riddles were told, games were played and philosophers talked. The host brought in the pretty flute girls who played joyous music, dancing girls who danced graceful dances, and jugglers and tumblers who performed great feats for his guests. A beautiful lyre was passed among them, and each guest played and sang some Greek poem.

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The slaves brought the guests' sandals and deftly bound them on, and with merry good-bys, all departed for their homes, their slaves lighting their masters through the dark streets with torches or oil lamps. The host saw that the chests and the storerooms were securely locked for the night and then repaired to his own cell-like bedroom, and soon all the household was deep in slumber.

## SOME GREAT ATHENIANS



## STATESMEN AND ORATORS

WHEN the Persian wars were over beautiful Athens was in ashes, her walls all down, and her temples in ruins. But the same men who could so easily and gloriously destroy a great army could just as easily and gloriously build up a great city.

To Themistocles, Cimon and Aristides was given the task of rebuilding the city. They were the same eloquent statesmen and mighty warriors who had snatched lovely Hellas from the clutches of the Persians. And now upon the ruins left behind by that army, they were asked to build a new Athens. To Cimon was given the task of renewing the Acropolis with its walls and temples, while Themistocles was to restore the lower towns and complete and

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fortify the great harbor of Athens. They laid out vast, splendid plans for the city, and their eloquence and wisdom secured the almost fabulous sums necessary to carry them out. For years Athens was busy and happy. Architects, artists, sculptors, and artisans of all kinds were busy doing the will of the statesmen. Themistocles, Cimon and Aristides kept peace and safety through it all and established a powerful navy. Themistocles decided to enlarge the city and build massive walls. But Sparta was jealous and tried to hinder the building. Then Themistocles visited in Sparta and with his eloquence and cunning deceived the Spartans. While they were entertaining him royally, every man, woman and child in Athens worked day and night building the walls. So well were the walls built that they could not be taken or destroyed until four centuries later Rome thundered and

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stormed at their gates. While Cimon and Themistocles were filling the city with temples, colonnades, porticoes and houses, the grand old Aristides was steering the affairs of state—securing all political rights, enriching the treasury and causing Athens to take the first place among the cities of Hellas.

We already know much of Themistocles, whose eloquence, cunning and daring really saved Hellas from the Persians. But Themistocles was always crafty and cunning, and at last proved to be a bad man and traitor and was exiled from his beautiful city.

Cimon, the son of Miltiades, was rich, handsome and noble. He spent his own money to adorn the city, and planted plane-trees in the market-place and parks, and built fine places of exercise and pleasure. Two miles north of the city he made the Academy, a beautiful grove with walks, drives, and an open race-

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course. There it was that Plato and the philosophers studied and talked. Best of all, Cimon took down the fences from his own lovely gardens and orchards and invited the public to pluck his fruits and flowers and sit by his fountains. Every evening he spread a bountiful supper for the poor of the city and for strangers. When he went walking he took well-dressed young men with him, and if he met a poor old man he had him change clothes with the young man, and slipped money into his hand. Cimon was beloved by all Athens, but at last jealous Sparta caused him to be exiled.

Aristides, who fought at Marathon and Salamis, was the most renowned and beloved man in Athens. He was always poor but was proud of his poverty. Wise, gentle, and courteous, he influenced all classes of people,

## STORIES OF HELLAS

and so honest and just was he that the Athenians lovingly called him Aristides, the Just.

Cimon and Themistocles were exiled and Aristides died mourned by all. Then Pericles was the ruling statesman and orator of Athens. He was young, handsome, rich and noble. Pericles was never elected to office but was always a private citizen. Yet for forty years he reigned supreme in the city, and so brilliant was that time that it is known as the Golden Age of Athens or the Age of Pericles. He made Athens a democracy in which every affair of state was discussed and decided by the people. Never before in the world was there granted such liberty. Pericles found the city made of wood and of stone. Guided by Phidias, the artist, he rebuilt it of marble, gold and ivory, and left it temple-crowned and magnificent.

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### PHIDIAS

PERICLES loved Athens. He had dreamed of art and beauty. The wonderful riches at his command inspired him with such hope and daring that the statesman whose "eloquence thundered and lightened and turned Hellas upside down" sought Phidias, the sculptor who wrought the songs of poets in marble.

Before many years had passed, Phidias had chiseled Pericles' dream of art and beauty in marble, adorned it with gold and ivory and glorified it with the songs of the poets.

The city of Athens was a wide-wayed wilderness of beautiful works, while, magnificent and crowned with the Parthenon, the Acropolis stood in eternal repose, a splendid dedication to Athene.

The Parthenon was the house of the blue-eyed goddess, Athene, who was the protecting



APOLLO



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diety of Athens. It was designed by Ictinus, an architect, and built of white marble taken from the quarries of Pentelicus in Attica. The Parthenon was surrounded by curved, swelling columns and the structure was lighted by openings in the roof and by the brilliant reflection of the marble. Phidias resolved to make the temple of Athene glorious with his sculptured art. With his chisel and marble he pictured on the temple the songs of Athene as sung by the poets—the goddess springing full-armed from the head of great Zeus, her contest with Poseidon for the possession of Athens and other legends. There were pictured the battle of the gods and Titans, battles of centaurs, and a battle of men supposed to be Hellenes and Persians. About the walls of the immense temple was a frieze in which Phidias pictured in relief a festal procession of Athene, showing the opening sacrifice of attending gods, priests,

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priestesses, maidens, women, men, musicians, victors, horses, chariots and the animals to be used in sacrifice. That procession was in sculptured repose, yet it breathed of graceful movement and life. The house of the blue-eyed goddess was a poem chiseled in marble, and even to-day, its exquisite ruins are the glory of the Acropolis.

Within the Parthenon was enshrined the gold and ivory statue of Athene which was called the Athene Parthenos. The statue wrought by Phidias was a symbol of all that the Athenians held most sacred. The ivory goddess wore a Greek robe of beaten gold which fell to her feet, which were encased in golden sandals whereon was shown in relief a battle of centaurs. On her nobly poised head was a golden helmet crested with a golden sphynx. Her extended right hand held a winged statue of victory six feet in height

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and garlanded with golden leaves. In her left hand was her spear for a scepter. The eyes of the goddess were great, limpid jewels, and on her breast was the head of the Medusa done in ivory. The Athene Parthenos stood about forty feet high and was placed on a low pedestal in the house of the blue-eyed goddess, facing the East and the sunrise.

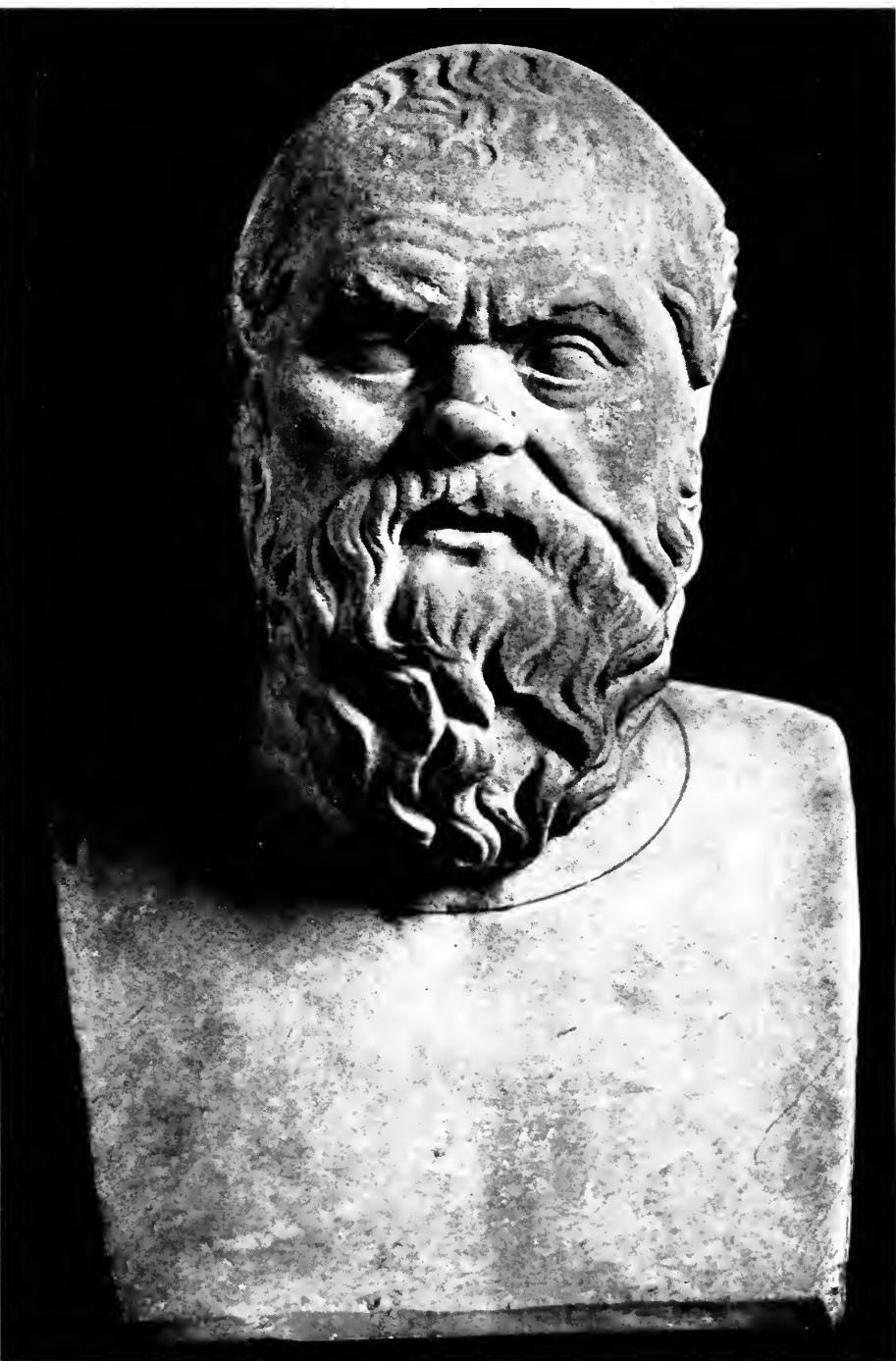
Once Phidias went into exile at Olympia. While there, at the request of Hellas, he did his greatest work, the Olympian Zeus. The statue, made of gold and ivory, was about fifty feet high and had all the finish of the smallest and rarest gem. Phidias formed his model from the lines of Homer which pictured great Zeus, as he nodded his massive head and locks, making all Olympus tremble. The Olympian Zeus sat on a throne made of ebony, gold and ivory, and wore on his head a garland of olive branches. His flowing robe was made of

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enameled gold, covered with rare devices of animals and flowers. The father of gods held a crowned figure of victory in his right hand, and in his left hand was his scepter, surmounted by an eagle. When the statue was finished, Phidias prayed Zeus to send him a sign from heaven if the work were pleasing. Zeus flashed down a lightning which smote the black pavement in front of the statue. A writer of those days said, "Go to Olympia, that you may see the work of Phidias, and let each of you consider it a misfortune to die without a knowledge of these things."

## SOCRATES

PERICLES had made Athens an empire that was the ruling power of Hellas, mistress of the sea and the center of beauty, art and eloquence. But Pericles was dead, and war with Sparta



SOCRATES



## STORIES OF HELLAS

had destroyed her power and her fleets. With her dream of empire broken, Athens settled into the calm and quiet that follow the fierce heat of glory and found that she was still the "beautiful and violet-crowned" center of art and eloquence. Turning her energies to thought and study, Athens was soon the world's queen of intellect.

The shady groves and public haunts of the city remained the seats of learning and retreats of philosophers and teachers. The greatest philosopher and teacher among them was a venerable old man named Socrates who was always surrounded by a group of youths and men eager to hear every word which fell from his lips, for in respect to wisdom, eloquence and politeness, Socrates was the first man of his age.

He began his early career as a sculptor and wrought a group of Hermes and the Graces

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which stood behind a statue of Athens on the Acropolis. He cared little for working in marble, so, impelled by the divine mission to teach, he abandoned his art and spent most of his time studying and teaching philosophy.

Socrates went among the youths and men of the city questioning and teaching them, asking no pay for his labors. Young Alcibiades said that he was forced to stop up his ears and flee away that he might not sit down by Socrates and grow old listening. One night Socrates dreamed that he held a young siren in his arms and suddenly its wings grew and the siren floated away filling the earth and heavens with glorious music. The next day Socrates met a boy named Plato who became his pupil and follower and it is through the writings of Plato that we know most of Socrates. In a shaded walk of the city he met a handsome youth and playfully barring the way with his

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walking stick, inquired where he could find certain things which he wished. The boy quickly and politely told him. Then Socrates said, "Where can I find a noble character?" The youth hesitated and the philosopher took him by the hand, saying: "Come, follow me and I will show you." The youth was Xenophone who became his pupil and follower and a soldier and scholar who wrote beautiful things of Socrates.

In the conflict between Athens and Sparta, Socrates was called upon to take arms and he proved himself a brave, hardy soldier. During the severest weather, while others were clad in furs, he wore only his tunic and mantle and walked bare-footed upon the ice. Once during that time, he was seen early in the morning standing lost in deep thought. He continued to stand in that spot until noonday, and a soldier remarked to another, "Socrates has been

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standing there thinking ever since the morning." At night when the soldiers wrapped themselves in their blankets and lay down to sleep, they saw that he was still standing in that place, as if he were dreaming. When morning came and the sun arose, the grand old man was seen to salute it with a prayer and depart.

Not as a sculptor and soldier do we love and remember Socrates, but as a philosopher and a teacher. A philosopher, children, is a man who seeks for truth and for the laws that govern all things. Directed by a still voice that followed him throughout life, Socrates searched his own heart and the hearts of his fellows for the great moral truths of our being. He tried to teach men to think aright and he argued with them in such a way as to make them take a proper view of good and bad. Socrates taught that men can not be happy unless

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they are good and that they can not be good if they are ignorant. Centuries before the Christ, with no Bible but his philosophy, that old philosopher taught that somewhere there is a world eternal and good, and that beyond the gods of Hellas was a supreme God to whom the soul of man belongs.

The last few years of his life were spent in the quiet and calm of Athens which followed the heat of her glory. And every day of those years was spent in teaching. He gathered about him a circle of loving friends called his disciples.

The Delphian oracle declared that Socrates was the wisest man living; Socrates said that if he were wise, it was because he knew that he knew nothing. He was so worried by the words of the oracle that he sought the men who were reputed to be wise in order to disprove the statement. He found politicians,

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poets, and scholars puffed up with vain knowledge and self-satisfied, and declared that there were no wise men among them.

One morning a sign appeared, written over a portico of Athens which read: "Meletus accuses Socrates as is underwritten: Socrates is guilty of crime—first, for neglecting the gods whom the city acknowledges, and setting forth other strange gods; next, for corrupting the youth. Penalty, death."

The accuser of Socrates was a poet whom he had angered by his questioning and teaching. Socrates was taken before a jury of several hundred citizens and charged with those grave wrongs. Throughout the trial he was grand and heroic, acting as if he cared little for life. When he arose to speak for himself, Socrates made no defense but a sublime lecture. He said to the court, "Men of Athens, I know and love you; but I shall obey God

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rather than you and while I have life and strength I shall never cease from the teaching of philosophy. To you and to God I submit my cause, to be determined by you as is best for you and for me." The verdict of that court was death by drinking a cup of hemlock.

Thirty days later, in prison and surrounded by his weeping disciples, Socrates lifted the cup of bitter hemlock to his lips and drank the poison. His beautiful soul sought the land that is good and eternal and there found the God whom Socrates had been seeking.

## THE PASSING OF THE GOLDEN AGE

THE city-states had given a richness and a variety of life to Hellas that no other land had enjoyed. Through them she had attained a golden age of beauty and splendor and for one century and a half the Hellenes had rev-

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eled in the freedom and culture for which their land was destined.

But all those years of marbled beauty and intellectual splendor were not golden ones of peace. Athens, Sparta and Thebes had quarreled fiercely and there had been civil wars in which nearly all the Hellenic states had engaged. Hellas was tired and exhausted.

Macedon, the little country to the north that was closely allied to Hellas and whose kings contested in the great Olympic games, had crushed the liberty of Hellas, and made it a province of Macedon.

Philip, King of Macedon, was making a supreme effort to unite all the forces of Hellas and make war on Persia to avenge those old invasions of Darius and Xerxes. Despite the loss of their independence, the Hellenes were fired with enthusiasm at the thought of advancing against the Orient.

## STORIES OF HELLAS

More than a century and a half before, King Darius had died in the midst of his preparations to advance on Hellas, and Philip, King of Macedon, died in the midst of his preparations to advance on Persia. Xerxes, the proud son of Darius, took up the work of his father and led countless armies into Hellas. Alexander, the proud son of King Philip, took up the work of his father and led the Hellenic armies into Persia.

### ALEXANDER THE GREAT

ALEXANDER had all the young instincts of a hero and conqueror. When but a little child, he listened to some courtiers telling of a victory gained by King Philip and he exclaimed with fine indignation, "Father is leaving nothing for me to do."

Achilles was his ancient kinsman and the

## STORIES OF HELLAS

boy reveled in the glorious deeds of that far-away mystic hero and in the stupendous labors of Heracles, until he burned with an ardor and enthusiasm to be a mighty hero, wielding the sword of Achilles and outdoing the labors of Heracles.

Once a fleet, noble steed, Bucephalus, was brought to the court of King Philip. None of the courtiers could sooth or master the mettlesome animal and it was to be sent away for the want of a rider. Displaying the same dauntless spirit of his ancient kinsman, Alexander grasped the bridle, turned the head of the horse toward the sun away from its shadow, and leaped quietly and gracefully into the saddle, mastering and easily conquering Bucephalus, to the great joy of the king and the assembled court.

A few years hence, that same boy who had mastered Bucephalus and sat supreme and su-

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perb in the saddle was to master the world and sit supreme and superb on the throne of Asia.

Aristotle, the greatest philosopher of Athens, and a master of knowledge, was his teacher, and trained him to a clear, vigorous understanding of men and government. Alexander was strong, and regal of body. He looked like a handsome Greek athlete; but proud and imperious, the boy seemed impelled by nature to a love of empire and fame and refused to contend in the Olympic games because he had not kings for rivals. Wielding his sword with strength, grace and swiftness, Alexander fought his first battle under his father, King Philip, when he crushed the liberties of Hellas, and established the empire of Macedon over the Hellenes.

And now Alexander, a youth of twenty years, who slept with his sword and the poems of Homer beneath his pillow, was the king of

## STORIES OF HELLAS

Macedon and the acknowledged leader of the forces of Hellas.

King Philip was making plans to advance the Hellenic armies on Persia when he died, leaving his son something to do. The ardent, romantic imagination of the young king pictured a vision of an eastern empire and with thousands of Hellenes and Macedonians. He crossed the narrow channel of the Hellespont with the dazzling prospect of Asiatic conquest spread out before him.

It is said that he lingered a while at the burial mounds of Achilles and Patroclus, and that when offered the lyre of Paris, he cast it aside with scorn, and called for the harp with which his mystic kinsman, Achilles had soothed his mighty soul as he sat indignant by the mournful sea.

Alexander soon found himself the master of Western Asia, the proud empire which had

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often threatened the civilization of Hellas. But the youthful conqueror cared nothing for the pomp and luxury of this Eastern court. His hot, imperial nature was impelling him onward.

To the East lay the unknown and mysterious part of the Orient, reputed to be of wonderful wealth. Alexander and his hosts pressed on into those regions, subduing princes and building cities. He turned to the South to conquer the old civilizations of Phoenicia and Egypt, and while in Egypt he founded a city which he called Alexandria.

Alexander conceived a magnificent scheme of empire that surpassed in grandeur and power the most fabulous dream of a poet. He would conquer every known part of Asia and Europe and unite them in one vast Hellenic Empire. He would intermingle the fruits, trees and flowers of the East and the West by

## STORIES OF HELLAS

transplanting them from one country to another, and make all the world one great family, worshipping the gods and speaking the language of Hellas. In his wild dream of conquest, Alexander proposed to establish the seat of his empire in the ancient city of Babylon, and live in a sumptuous splendor unknown to the potentates of the Orient.

But in the midst of his dreams of glory, Alexander died in the ancient city of Babylon. When dying, he was asked to whom he bequeathed his kingdom, and Alexander the Great replied: "To the Strongest."

THE END

## WORD LIST

Achilles—A-kil'leez	Caucasian—Kaw-kay'shan
Acropolis—A-krop'o-lis	Cecropia—Se-crow'pi-a
Ad-me'ta	Cecrops—Se'crops
Aegean—E-je'an	Centaur—Sen'tar
Ag-a-mem'non	Ceres—Se'reez
Ag'or-a	Chiron—Ki'ron
Alcibiades—Al-si-by'a-deez	Chiton—Ki'ton
Alexander—Al-eg-zan'der	Corinth—Kor'inth
Am'a-zons	Crete—Kreet
An-drom'e-da	Cyclops—Sy'clops
Aph-ro-di'te	Cyprus—Sy'prus
A-pol'lo	Cyrene—Sy-re'ne
Ar-ca'dia	
Archon—Ar'kon	Dan'a-e
Ares—A'reez	Da-ri'us
Ar'go	De'los
Ar-i-ad'ne	Delphi—Del'fi
Aristides—Ar-is-ti'deez	Delphian—Del'fi-an
Aristotle—Ar'is-tot-l	De-me'ter
Ar'te-mis	Deucalion—Du-ka'le-on
Ar'yan	Dionysus—Di-o-ni'sus
A-the'ne	Do-do'na
Ath'ens	
Ath'os	Endymion—En-dim'e-on
At'ti-ca	E'os
Au-ro'ra	Epictetus—Ep-ik-te'tus
Bacchus—Back'us	Epimetheus—Ep-i-me'thus
Bab'y-lon	E-pi'rus
Bucephalus—Bu-sef'a-lus	E'ros
	Ethiopians—E-the-o'pians

## WORD LIST

Euripides—U-rip'i-deez	Lab'y-rinth
Ganymede—Gan'y-meed	Latona—Lay-toe'na
Gorgons—(Both G's are hard)	Leto—Lee'to
Gymnasia—Jim-nay'se-a	Lycurgus—Ly-kur'gus
Hades—Hay'deez	Macedon—Mas'e-don
He'be	Macedonians—Mas-e-doe'ni-ans
Hec'a-tomb	Mar'a-thon
Hec'tor	Medusa—Me-dew'sa
Hec'u-ba	Mercury—Mer'ku-ry
Helicon—Hel'i-kon	Miletus—My-leet'us
He'li-os	Miltiades—Mil-ty'a-deez
Hel'las	Mi'nos
Hellenes—Hel'leens	Minotaur—Min'o-tar
Hel'les-pont	Mount Aetna—Mount Et'na
Hephaestus—He-fes'tus	Mount O-lym'pus
He'ra	Ne'me-an
Heracles—Hair'a-kleez	Nereus—Ne'rus
Hermes—Her'meez	Odysseus—O-dis'sus
He-rod'o-tus	Odyssey—Od'is-y
Hes-pe'ri-an	O-lym'pi-a
Hes-per'i-des	O-lym'pi-ad
Hes'ti-a	O-lym'pic
Ho-mer'ic	Oth'rys (ris)
Hy'dra	Pan-do'ra
Hy-per-bo're-ans	Par' the-non
Ic-ti'nus	Pa-tro'clus
Il'i-ad	Peg'a-sus
I'ris	Pelasgia—Pe-las'ji-a
Ith'a-ca	Pelasgians—Pe-las'jians
Juno—Jew'no	Peleus—Pe'lus
Jupiter—Jew'pi-ter	Peloponnesus—Pel-o-po-ne'sus
	Pe-ne'us

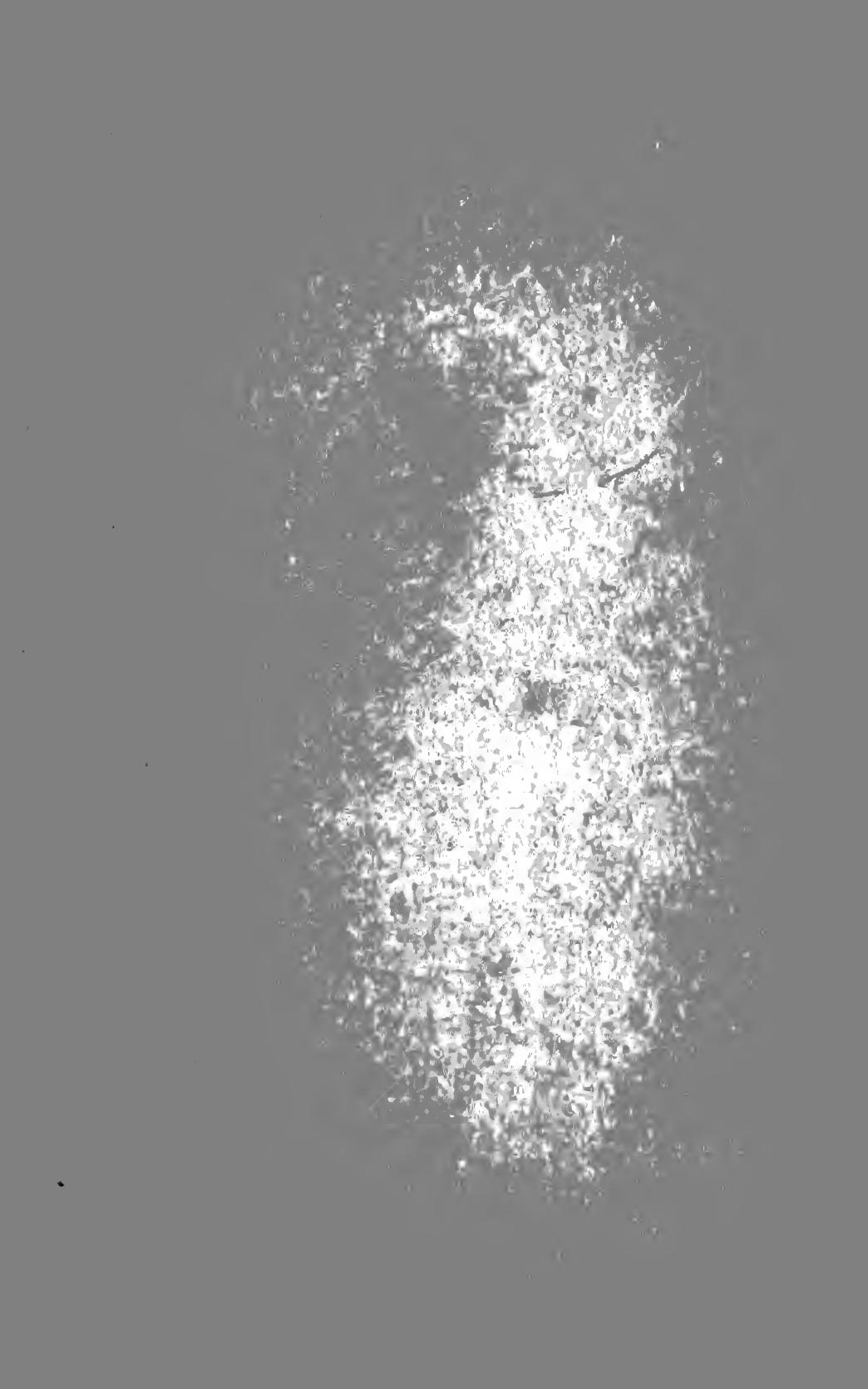
## WORD LIST

Pen-tel'i-cus	Spar'ta
Pericles—Per'i-kleez	Styx—Stix
Persephone—Per-sef'o-ne	Symposia—Sim-po'si-a
Perseus—Per'sus	Symposium—Sim-po'si-um
Phidias—Fid'i-as	
Phidippides—Fi-dip'pi-deez	Ta-ren'tum
Phoenicia—Fe-nish'a	Tar'ta-rus
Platea—Plaw-te'a	Tem'pe
Plato—Play'toe	Telemachus—Te-lem'a-kus
Plutarch—Ploo'tark	Thebes—Thebz
Pluto—Ploo'toe	The-mis'to-cles
Poseidon—Po-si'don	Ther-mop'y-lae
Priam—Pry'am	Theseus—The'sus
Prometheus—Pro-me'thus	Thes'sa-ly
Pyrrha—Pir'ah	The'tis
Py'thon	Ti'tans
Rhea—Re'a	Tri'ton
	Tro'jan
Sal'a-mis	Ve'nus
Sar'dis	Ves'ta
Scythia—Sith'i-a	Vul'can
Sicily—Sis'i-ly	
Smyrna—Smir'na	Xenophon—Zen'o-fon
Soc'ra-tes	Xerxes—Zerks'eez
So'lon	









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